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DEM DIMES IS GONE BAST KATRINA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY GUS PHILLIPS.

Dond you remember der dimes, Katrina?
Dot dond seem long ago—
Your hair vas bleck like sharcoal den,
Bud now id's vite like shnow.

Und your eyes, dem vonce did use do shine
Like der shtars ub in der shkies—
Oh! dem vas bully dimes, Katrine,
Und dem vas bully eyes.

Und den you use do dance, Katrine,
No sooble like a Kol;
Bud now you dond ean mofe around
Mitoud dot makes you shqueal.

Und you can sing so nice dot dime,
Ghust like a leedle bird;
Bud now your voice dots olt und gracked,
Der vorst I efer heard.

Und you vas shmard around der house—
Dere vas noding you dond good do—
Und der vomen folks around der place
Doy dried do been like you.

Und you vas lofed by efery von,
Yes, efery von in down,
From der Shquire do der leedle dorg
You shtopped der boys do drown.

* * * * *

Yes, all dem dimes is bast, Katrine,
Und ve are old und cray;
Und I shose dot dime id soon vill come,
Ven ve'll been dook away.

Und ve'll been ready ven dot comes,
Ve've been a long dime here—
Ve'll go vere der vinter didn'd vas,
Vere ids summer all der year.

THE GAMBLER'S ORPHAN;

OR,

THE HOPE OF TWENTY YEARS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOUND.

"He will not come," said Lady St. Aubyn to Sir Marcus, when at the appointed hour they were proceeding to the public park for the ceremony of the day.

"I think he will," was the reply. "There seemed such an earnestness of purpose about him, such a method, if I may say so, in his madness, that I think he will be here."

He had told her of the mad beggar, and excited her curiosity considerably; but he had not hinted to her the strange suspicions which the sight of him had awakened.

He wanted her to see him without any shadowy images floating through her brain to produce a fancied resemblance.

"Why are you so anxious that I should see this poor fellow?" she asked.

"May I keep my reasons a secret till after you have seen him?"

"Certainly."

"I will tell you then every one of them. I hope he will be here. I foresee a strange result from his appearance."

"Then I must suppress my curiosity. That is a hard trial for a woman, Sir Marcus."

"Not for long, I think, for I fancy I see my friend, the gaberlunzie, as Duncan calls him, out there in the road. If you will excuse me I will see that they let him in and give him into M'Shee's charge; he may wander about and be troublesome if he is not looked after a little."

It was, indeed, the crazy vagrant, whose appearance at the gate seemed to give great offence to the smart officials, who were unanimous in endeavoring to keep him out; Sir Marcus' orders had evidently been overlooked. He had smartened himself up for the occasion, having on a perfectly clean, though patched and ragged, blouse, and the remains of a black silk handkerchief round his neck.

He was by no means a repulsive object; the insanity in his face had more the aspect of childishness than anything else, and he was very humble in his demeanor to those who strove to bar his entrance.

As Sir Marcus approached the gate, he saw that Duncan M'Shee had gone to the avenue, so he took no notice for the present of the strange visitor, on whom all eyes were turned.

"Why, whom have we here?" asked Lord St. Aubyn, as he perceived the strange figure wandering aimlessly about among the gaily dressed crowds. "I gave strict orders about the admissions."

"He is a guest of mine, my dear fellow. I had my reasons for letting him in. I want you to see him after the affair is over. He is mad, poor fellow, but quite harmless."

"Is he a beggar?" asked Maud, as the vagrant strolled up to them.

"Yes, I beg, young lady. I beg, but only when I sing." He came close up to her, and looked straight in her face with a strange, inquiring glance, and passed his hand across his eyes.

"No," he said, "she was not there. That time, you know," turning to Sir Marcus.

"A little farther off, my friend, if you please," said Lord St. Aubyn, drawing Maud away.

The vagrant looked at him, too, keenly, and then shrinking back with a shiver, murmured, "Ah, how cold—how cold! I couldn't sing to him; he would laugh and jeer."

At this moment Lady St. Aubyn and some of her friends came up.

"Is this your *protege*?" she asked.

"Even so."

"Poor old man!" she said, drawing out her purse and opening it; "he seems very quiet."

He saw the action, and at first an eager flush came into his face, as though the thought of money were pleasant to him; but in a moment it died out, and he spoke to her rapidly and earnestly.

"No, no," he muttered, "not from you! No money from you! Only words, and smiles, and kind looks. Money can't bring back the life and hope that is dead and gone—dead and gone!"

Alice turned very pale as the poor withered face, with its childlike expression, was bent upon her, and instinctively she looked around for her husband.

He had moved away with Maud and Stanley, a little bored by the appearance of the madman, and perhaps annoyed that his wife should take any notice of him. Her eyes met those of Sir Marcus, and read there a confirmation of her own suspicions.

"I am sure of it," he said. "I felt it last night when I was talking to him. Get an opportunity of watching him, but command yourself, whatever you do."

Alice trembled exceedingly. Could it be possible that this wreck of humanity was Eugene Dubois restored to life—the man who, after twenty years of neglect, his fellow townsmen were met to honor?

Her heart told her that it was indeed so; that the voice which had but now rang in her ears, and the eyes which had just looked into her own, where those of her old acquaintance; and for a moment she felt as if she should faint.

She recovered herself in a moment, although the color did not return to her cheeks, and when she rejoined her husband he remarked it.

"Has that mad fellow frightened you?" he asked. "I cannot imagine what induced Llanwarn to let him in; he'll only make a disturbance."

"I don't think he will. Gerald, listen to me for a moment; you can spare the time. Say, should a shadow of the past appear before you to-day—could the grave which holds Eugene Dubois give up its occupant, how would you feel towards him? Would you hold out your hand to him, and let the past bury itself as it should be buried, or would you still hold out in enmity against him for the sake of those gone by years?"

"My dear Alice, what do you mean?"

"I hardly know. I can scarcely tell myself. Gerald, I have seen a spectre—a phantom, and I think—I believe that you will see it too. Will you not answer my question. How would you feel towards Eugene if he were here?"

"I have given our child to his son; is not that an answer? I buried all memory of his weakness and folly in his unhonored grave; would that I could have buried my self-reproach there as well."

"You will bury that, too, to-day. I think you will never feel it more."

"I hope not; but, Alice, you are talking in riddles. You never played the Sphinx with me before, and I can't understand you."

"You will soon. It is time now, dear Gerald, they are waiting for you."

They drew near to the shrouded statue, from which, at a signal, Lord St. Aubyn was to draw the covering, and those assembled waited in breathless expectation.

"PROPRIETY" BEHIND THE SCENES!

Or, Sad Effects of the Lord Chamberlain's Edict Against London Dancers and other Wearers of Tights.

the foot of the statue, and sat upon the ground among the pots of flowers which Duncan M'Shee had so carefully arranged.

No one molested him, and Lady St. Aubyn and Sir Marcus Llanwarm watched him intently as he sat quietly scrutinising the different faces around him with a keen glance.

Those most interested stood close to the foot of the statue, Lord St. Aubyn, who was to make a speech, having the most prominent place, and beside him Stanley Dubois, the living image of what his father had been in the memory of many present.

Behind these two were Sir Marcus Llanwarm, Lady St. Aubyn, and Maud, and dotted about all over the enclosure, near or far off, according as they were specially interested, or otherwise, were groups of gay visitors.

Outside the railing was a dense throng of people attracted by the knowledge that there was something going on, without caring exactly what it was they were going to see, after the manner of crowds in general, who will run after any excitement, no matter what, from a mad dog to a royal procession.

Lord St. Aubyn's speech was not long, and his voice sometimes failed him; for, though he was apt to boast of his self possession, and his friends called him cold and hard hearted, he could not repress the recollections that would rise with the subject. He concluded his address by saying:—

"It was the fate of the poet, while he lived, to be misunderstood and undervalued, as is often the case with authors, by many of his well wishers—myself among the number. We little thought then that the time would come when his name would be what it is now—a household word in the land; when his son would have the gratification of hearing his father quoted as a man of genius, whose works will live as long as our country has a literature of her own. I have heard Eugene Dubois' songs sung in the halls of the wealthy and great; dainty ladies warble them to soft music under the light of perfumed lamps; but, dearer to the heart of the writer, could he hear my words, would be the knowledge that they are sung in the homes of the poor—that the peasant mother lulls her babe to sleep with them, and rough men lilt them as they go home from their daily toil, and feel that the world is not all hardship, when it holds such melody for their hearts and lips."

He paused and laid his hand upon the cloth, and then, with a sudden inspiration, as it seemed, he stepped back and gave his place to Stanley.

"Let his son do it," he said to those around him, and a ringing cheer went up from the crowd as the young man—almost before he was aware of it—pulled the light cloth and showed the statue shining white and clear in the full beams of the June sunshine. Cheer upon cheer arose, and Stanley's face went down upon his hands.

"Would they honor his father himself thus, could he come back to life?" was the thought which was uppermost just then, and his lips worked with an emotion he could not control.

The marble was an excellent likeness, and the resemblance between father and son was truly wonderful.

No one thought of the quiet figure crouched upon the grass at the foot of the pedestal, save Lady St. Aubyn and Sir Marcus, and they watched him with overpowering anxiety.

The beggar shaded his eyes with his hand and looked up earnestly at the statue, and then from the marble to Stanley's face.

Then he regarded the principal actors in the scene one by one with the same curious gaze, and then mournfully shook his head as though he were not satisfied or could make nothing of the scrutiny.

But the programme of the day was not ended yet; a song was to be sung, one of the poet's own, which had become very popular.

With this part of the arrangements neither Lord St. Aubyn nor Sir Marcus had had anything to do, they had left it to the singers, and strangely enough they had selected the very one Eugene himself sang the night of the reading of his unfortunate play—"There are Kind Hearts Everywhere."

It struck a painful chord in the hearts of the two men who had been his friends; their hearts were very full as the well remembered words wedded to their pretty music went floating out upon the air—

Affliction may have tried thee,
And thy lot be hard to bear,
Yet speak not so untruly,
There are kind hearts everywhere.

There was a slight pause between the verses, and Lady St. Aubyn and Maud were both weeping, so that they did not see what followed the cessation of the meeting.

A voice broke in, weak and quivering, but recognisable by the elder lady—the voice of Eugene Dubois!

With the song the wanderer on the ground had started to his feet, his eyes dilating and his tent form seeming suddenly to grow erect and vigorous.

When the last cadence of the first verse died away he took up the second and sang it through, the utter surprise of those present keeping them silent. With the last two lines—

Through blackest clouds the sunlight peeps
Kind hearts are everywhere,

there seemed to come upon him a wonderful change—a likeness to the marble above his head, and the young man beside him seemed to grow out of his weather beaten face, and in an instant several voices cried out "Eugene Dubois!"

He stared wildly about him for a moment. 'Who calls me?" he said; "I am here" and then, as Lord St. Aubyn and those around him sprang forward to his side, the light went out of his eyes, the life out of his limbs and he fell insensible to the ground.

CHAPTER XXV.

RESTORED.

Very tenderly they raised him up, this poor vagrant up their festivities, and loving eyes looked anxiously into his wan face to read there the confirmation of the fact that he was indeed Eugene Dubois.

The Beeches was the nearest house, and thither they carried him, and laid him in a cool chamber, far away from the room where the grand dinner of the evening was laid out.

There Alice waited and watched with her husband, when he could spare time from the many duties of the day, and Stanley and Maud hung over the unconscious form with many tears, praying for his restoration to life and sanity.

And the news spread through Hope End that the beggar whom they had sometimes seen about the streets had turned out to be the supposed dead man, and the lodge gate at the Beeches was literally besieged by eager inquirers anxious to know the truth of the rumor. But the woman at the lodge could tell but little: her orders were, to say that nothing was known for a certainty, and could not be until the poor man roused from his trance; and with that the idlers were obliged to be content.

The very uncertainty caused more commotion; and so much beer and spirits were required to allay the unwonted thirst engendered in Hope End by the mystery of the affair, that the various public houses of the place did more business on that afternoon and evening than they would have done in months of ordinary days—indeed the landlord of the principal beer house told a friend in confidence, some time afterwards, that "that there spurt kept him from bustin' up," for he had taken twenty pounds that day, and how to get it elsewhere he did not know.

It was dark night before those around the bed of the poor beggar saw any change in his condition; the sounds of mirth and revelry downstairs were still to be heard, for the guests of Sir Marcus sat late over their wine.

Lord St. Aubyn and Stanley had stolen away from the festivities, and were watching for the return of consciousness by the silent bed, and Sir Marcus himself had left his friends from time to time to see if there was any change.

It was Lady St. Aubyn who first saw the closed eyes open and look with the glance of sanity upon surrounding objects.

"He is awake," she said to the doctor, who was watching with them, and who immediately administered a cordial.

"I don't know you," said the sick man, faintly. "Where is Marie?"

The twenty years which had passed were a blank, and he was young again at Fairy Villa with his wife and child. Ere they could frame the words to speak to him, his lips moved again.

"You heard the news, wife; the play's accepted. And see, this laurel tree, an emblem of the immortality which shall one day be mine, is it not a blooming omen? I tell you, Marie, the day will come when this baby's heart will thrill with pride when he hears his father's name, and can say to the world, 'I am that man's son.'"

The day had come, and with its pride brought bitter sorrow to the manly son who bent over his unconscious father, with bitter tears, hoping, praying for one coherent word from the father barely recollected in his childish memories, and now so strangely found.

"He will sleep now," the doctor said as his patient dozed off again, "and will be more coherent when he wakes. I think there can be no doubt of his identity."

'None whatever," said Lady St. Aubyn, decidedly; "besides his words we have this locket."

Round his neck, securely fastened by a piece of black tape, the trinket had lain concealed in a little canvas bag.

It was one that Alice knew well, and contained a miniature of Marie painted in the first days of their life at Fairy Villa, and two locks of hair—one of her dark curls and a soft coil of silky floss from the head of her child.

"I am quite sure myself," she continued, "but I suppose we shall need further proof of his being Eugene. How can we get it?"

Her husband answered the question.

"We must find out where he came from now—he must, I think, have escaped from some asylum or workhouse; part of his clothes are of the kind usually supplied in those places; and then we must trace back his history link by link, till we have the whole story. I will telegraph to Duncombe to-night, and he will be down in the morning; he will know how to set to work better than I do."

"Better than you!"

"Well, more practically at any rate. I feel sure we are right; but will the publishers accept a poor vagrant, come from, no one knows where, as the owner of some of their most profitable works? I am afraid not; so we shall have to prove his identity most thoroughly. He is by no means a poor man now if he recovers."

"Oh, I hope he will. I pray Heaven that he may, that——"

"That I at at least may help to atone to him for the hasty words that drove him from our house. Alice, I cannot tell you what a load of agony the sight of him has lifted from my heart. I have felt like a murderer for twenty long, weary years."

The whole night long the sick man babbled in a kind of semi-delirium, which showed memory as well, of things and people in the old time they all remembered so well; but there was no actual waking 'till the morning, and then he looked sensibly about him, and seemed to be striving to recollect what had happened. He looked nervously around the chamber and then shut his eyes.

"I must be dreaming," they heard him say. "How can Marie be?"

"No; dreaming, dear Eugene," replied a familiar voice, "wide awake, and among friends."

He opened his eyes and looked in wonder at the bending over him, then at her husband.

voice, Mrs. Stanley I mean: but I am confused. Has [illegible] happened to me?"

He took Gerald for his father, and failed to recognize Alice. Not Rip Van Winkle's sleep of twenty years had been such an utter oblivion as his insanity.

"A great deal has happened to us all since you saw us last. But you do know your old friend Gerald, thank Heaven for that."

"Gerald! You Gerald?"

"I am."

"Grey haired—middle aged! What is this? And Alice?"

For answer Lord St. Aubyn drew forward his graceful, matronly wife, and placed her full in the light.

"Lady St. Aubyn now," he said quietly. "And Marie?"

There was no answer now save Alice's tears, which fell fast.

"Don't you remember even that?" she asked. "Poor Eugene—poor husband!"

"Nothing!—nothing! All's blank. Are all dead—Marie and the boy and all?"

"No, no; you have a noble son. See here!"

He looked feebly at the handsome young face that stooped over him, but he could not understand.

"My little boy—my Stanley," he repeated.

"Is here. Oh, father, father, is there no feature in my face to remind you of the past?"

The trembling withered hand played feebly over his face; but still the change was more than the shattered mind could grasp.

"This my son?" he said. "Then how long——"

They guessed what he would ask, and Lord St. Aubyn replied, "More than twenty years, Eugene."

Twenty years! Great God of heaven, have I been buried alive for twenty years?"

"But you are now restored to life and hope again—to us—to your son, who is longing to be all a son should be to you,—you have risen from the grave to name and fame, and honors; greater than your wildest dreams could picture."

"I shall bequeath them to my son—I have risen only to die,—I can feel it though you may not see it. I should like to hear the story of these twenty lost years to grow familiar with my son's face, that I may know him when I welcome him on the threshold of the other world: and after that I'm ready,—my place on earth must have been long filled—there remains for me but the grave."

The doctor, on being questioned, confirmed his words, and said it was very doubtful if he ever rose from his bed again. He might rally a little, and last for weeks, perhaps months, but his constitution had been undermined by hardship, and the sudden partial restoration they had witnessed was but the beginning of the end.

Mr. Duncombe, the lawyer, arrived in answer to Lord St. Aubyn's summons.

They took him into their counsels, and before night an advertisement was flying all over the country in the various evening papers:—

"MAD JEM.—An elderly man, a lunatic, calling himself by the above name, has been lately seen at intervals about the watering place of Hope End, in Berkshire, can give no account of himself, and is supposed to have escaped from some asylum or workhouse. Any one able to give any information respecting him during the past twenty years is earnestly requested to communicate without delay to Lawrence Duncombe, solicitor, 60 Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Parties possessed of reliable information will be amply rewarded."

"He will never tell us anything, poor fellow," was the lawyer's remark when he had written out this advertisement; "but we shall get all we want to know in this way; we shall trace him back, my lord, till we know how he got out of the mill dam yonder, before we've done with it."

In the course of a post Mr. Duncombe received a letter—

"EVERLEIGH HOUSE, Warwick, June 20, 1862.

"SIR.—Seeing your advertisement in the *Times* of this morning, I beg to furnish you with the desired information. Unless there are two pauper lunatics called Jem, at large, the individual you name made his escape from this house several months ago. He had been here more than two years, perfectly harmless, but a perfectly hopeless case. [Then followed a description so accurate as to leave no doubt]. Latterly his health seemed breaking, and he grew moody and restless, and finally succeeded in making his escape, and up to the present time in eluding our efforts to find him. I perceive, from your anxiety for news of him, that there is a deeper interest at stake than the mere custody of an insane person. If I can aid you in making any further inquiries, I shall be most happy to do so, and beg to subscribe myself, your obedient servant,

"CHARLES MASTERTON, M. D.

"L. Duncombe, Esq.

"P. S.—I forgot to state that 'Jem' is the only name we have ever known the man by. When he came to us he persisted that his name was 'Jane,' of which, of course, we could make nothing, and by degrees it got transformed into 'Jem,' with which he appeared content. C. M."

The result of this letter was the dispatching of a confidential clerk to Warwick to make inquiries. He found that "Jem" had been transferred to Everleigh House, which was the County Asylum, from the workhouse at Coventry which had been burnt down. Even supposing he had been there for years, there still remained a blank space of time to fill up, and the manner of his rescue from the water to be explained.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LINK IN THE CHAIN.

Eugene and the doctor were both right—he was fading away to the grave as surely as summer was changing to autumn, and the golden tint and ripe fruit were beginning to hang upon the trees.

Recollection came back to him in some degree as the weeks passed away, but not entirely. He remembered events up to the time of his disappearance, but nothing subsequently, as a picture, there came to his feeble [illegible] the last few days of Marie's life, her death, and [illegible] despair and misery from the library at Fairy Hope.

[illegible] passed before his flight he never spoke but [illegible] then to say to Lord St. Aubyn and his wife, when a knock at the door woke him from his reverie, and he bade the intruder "Come in."

It was only a footman, with the intelligence that there was a man downstairs who insisted on seeing his lordship.

"Not to-night, Burt; I am engaged."

"So I told him, my lord, but he would take no denial, and the housekeeper said I had better let you know. We couldn't well make out all he said; but I think it is something about Mr. Dubois—I mean the poor gentleman that is gone, my lord."

"About him! What sort of a man is he—old or young?"

"Old, your lordship; his hair is quite white."

"Ah. Send him up; I will see him. He may have something of importance to say."

The man came up, a sunburnt, pleasant looking fellow, with clear dark eyes and a bronzed complexion, but hair and beard as white as snow.

He made a shy, but by no means an awkward bow to Lord St. Aubyn, and waited to be questioned.

"You wanted to see me, my man?"

"I made so bold as to come, my lord. I only heard to-day the story about the poor gentleman as is buried yonder, and I thinks may be as I can tell you something. They told me in the town that you never could find out about the drowning in the mill dam."

"We never could. Can you help us?"

"I can, my lord. It was me and my mates as pulled him out."

"You?"

"Yes."

"And what were you doing here, and why did you never tell or restore him to his friends?"

"We didn't know who he was, sir, nor where he belonged to; he was mad, and never came to his senses while he was with us."

"And what did you do with him?"

"I'm most ashamed to tell, sir, but you'll not use it agin me now, maybe; it's more than twenty years agone?"

"Nothing shall be used against you now, my man. Speak out."

"Then do you remember the poaching affair near Windsor? There was a man killed."

"I think I do; the culprits were never caught. It happened about that time."

"The night before, my Lord. The suspicion fell upon innocent folk; it was our people did it."

"Your people?"

"Yes, my lord—gipsies. We hold it no crime to snare a hare or a pheasant; seeing that the good God made wild creatures for man to eat; but there was no thought of more mischief in our boys' heads or hearts. That job was an accident, and we had to run for it. But I needn't tell your Lordship about that—only how we came to stop here."

"Ay, go on."

"My wife was ill; she'd been long ailing (indeed that night's work was the death of her), and the hurried journey that we'd made was too much for her. We stopped above the mill-dam yonder to get water for her, and when I crept down through the bushes to get some, I saw the gentleman throw himself in. I did not dare to call to the mill lad though I saw him run for assistance, but I got him out, and made my mates bear a hand. We [illegible] as we went along we did our best to bring him to, for we dared not stop; we fancied every sound was that of men running after us to take us, and we pushed on. We were making for the north country where our tribe is strong, and we thought when the gentleman came to his senses he could easily get back again; but he never did come to, except to screech, and rave, and knock hisself about till we couldn't take him any further."

"And what did you do with him?"

The man hung his head as though ashamed or afraid to speak, but his lordship kindly bade him fear nothing, and finish his story.

"I hardly like to say, sir; you'll think badly of us, maybe—but it wasn't want of charity, it was fear for ourselves. We wrapped him up in a horse cloth, and laid him at the door of a workhouse."

"Where?"

"Coventry."

"And left him without knowing whether he was taken in?"

"No, my lord; one of the women hung about till she saw some one give an alarm and the door was open, and he was took in. I was back in Coventry—a matter of five years ago—and I heard the workhouse was burnt, and the people scattered, no one knew where."

"We know the rest, my friend," said Lord St. Aubyn, kindly, and you have supplied the link we wanted."

"And nothing will be used agin me, my lord?"

"Nothing. On the contrary, if you would like to settle down anywhere; have a house of your own——"

"I couldn't, my lord, thank you all the same. I couldn't live in stone walls or let any roof cover me but the sky I was born under. When I die, my spirit must have room to fly as my wife's and boy's have done, and I must lie in the grave of my tribe, with no monument except the flowers and green sod; they be the lightest on a man's breast, your lordship."

"You shall have your way; but accept something as a remembrance of the life you saved."

"Nothing, my lord, nothing; though one boon I may beg."

"And that is——"

"That you will strive to think of the gipsy as something above the level of the beasts. That you will remember we are fellow men with hearts and feelings and passions like yours, if we have not been taught to use them as we should; and when you see a gipsy oppressed, as they often are, you will speak a word for them for the sake of your dead friend."

"I will. I promise it," his lordship answered, and the man departed, refusing to the last to accept a bribe.

The servants feasted him downstairs, but except food and drink he would take nothing at their hands, and went his way. It was a singular clearing up of the mystery, but no one doubted it for the story found various items of corroboration as time went by.

The man was never seen again, but on the wedding day of Stanley and Maud there came to Stanley Hope a curiously packed parcel, which being opened, turned out to be a set of baskets for every possible use in a household, very neatly and strongly made.

Some of them were so elegant in shape and material that they ever after graced Maud's own rooms, and kept by Stanley in grateful remembrance of the gipsy marauder who had saved his father's life.

THE END.

Cure For Love.

The following anecdote is related for the benefit of parents and guardians:—

"I have a friend at Weston-super-Mare, a dear old lady, who keeps a school where young ladies are 'finished.' The ages of these damsels range from fourteen to eighteen, 'sweet sixteen' being the average. Having a confidential chat with my friend during the calm quiet of the last Christmas holidays, I asked her if she was not often troubled by her pupils falling in love. She answered me unreservedly.

"'I have to contend with no greater difficulty. In a town like this, where we cannot walk in any direction without meeting half a dozen boys' schools, to say nothing of the hundreds of loiterers and *flaneurs*, who seem to think that a girl's boarding school is fair game for their sport, it seems altogether impossible to prevent flirtations from arising, and notes and love tokens being clandestinely exchanged. I spare no pains or arts to guard against and counteract this; but the thing exists, and will continue to exist, so long as girls are sixteen and foolish, and young men and lads are bold and adventurous. My only plan, when I see that the tender passion has been developed, is to crush it in the bud."

"'What do you do?"

"'You will smile when I tell you, for my receipt is the antithesis of romance. It is a dose of senna tea."

"'Senna tea?"

"'Yes, senna tea. Whenever I perceive, as I very quickly do, that one of my young ladies has fallen (as she fancies) into love, I at once take her in hand. I never hint at anything connected with the tender passion, but I treat her as an invalid who is suffering from impaired digestion. I keep her closely to the house and dose her liberally with senna tea, standing by to see that she drains the dose to the dregs. This plan is always attended with success. Sometimes she gives in after the first few doses; but usually it takes two or three days to complete the cure. I had one obstinate case that lasted a whole week; but I was firm to my plan, and in the end it succeeded. You may depend upon it that, as a cure for a schoolgirl's calf love, there is nothing like senna tea."

BEHIND THE SCENES.—CLOWN AND CLERGYMAN.—The columbine at the Tyne (Eng.) Theatre, Miss Rose Fontesecue, recently summoned the clown, Mr. [illegible] McCormack, of the same theatre, for assaulting her. Complainant said on the morning of Feb. 16th, there was a rehearsal at the theatre, and she and defendant were present. A conversation took place between them as to what kind of a dance they were

the evening. The defendant wanted her to do a "polka," but she refused and said she would dance a hornpipe, which had been given the previous evening with satisfaction to the audience. He then called her some abusive names, using very bad language, and took her by the throat and threw her down, her head striking against the scene. He also threatened to repeat the same thing again, and on the 18th, while performing at Shields, he had thrown a chair at her. For the defence it was said that M'Cormack asked the complainant to dance a polka, and, as she refused, he insisted upon it, and she persisted in not doing so. She called him several names, such as "low betting man" and "low clown," and strong language was used. As her anger increased so did the distance decrease between them till she came up to him, and he then took hold of her and pushed her by, telling her to go about her business. Before he pushed her she spat in his face. The bench fined the defendant £2 and costs.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

W., and R., Exeter, N. H.—A's bet on a sure thing holds good; providing no fraud is practised (as it appears from your statement there was not in this case), B loses. The fact of W. having read the result in a paper does not constitute a fraud. B had the same opportunity to become acquainted with the particulars, and in making a wager so long after the time set apart for the fight should take all things into consideration. 2. None properly authenticated, though we published a report sent by a correspondent of a battle alleged to have taken place last year in New Mexico, and which lasted six hours and nineteen minutes. Any bet made upon such an event having really occurred should be drawn. 3. No.

MIKE K., Massillon, O.—Dan Thomas was born in Wales, in September, 1833, and is 5 feet 4 inches in height. He fought six times, the last being with Joe Nolan for the light-weight championship and £400. They fought 20 rounds in 1 hour and 30 minutes (two rings), when the referee ordered a cessation, owing to the presence of a bevy of "blue bottles." Dan had his man well nigh beaten, and Nolan's backers were so disgusted with his conduct that rather than allow another meeting to take place, with the certainty of losing, they gave Thomas £25 to draw. The referee (Bill George) and Dan were apprehended and bound over April 8, 1862.

G. W. S., Warsaw.—Hoyle's work, small edition, says:—"The *dealer* may go alone when a partner assists, or he may not, but that the point should be decided before commencing the game." Our opinion is that we player has a right to go alone when assisted, because, supposing A offers to assist his partner C, it denotes that A has something safe in his hand; C, therefore, in order to prevent the adversary from going alone, may risk it himself on the strength of A's proffered assistance. B, it will be seen, would thereby be deprived of his say as to the trump in his regular turn, which would be manifestly unjust.

JOCKEY READER, Chicago.—To reduce your corpulency you must adopt the Banting system of diet. Avoid eating pork, the fat of beef or mutton, butter, sugar, potatoes, bread and milk. The diet must consist of captain's biscuit or dry toast, tea without sugar, and meat without any fat and no ale or champagne allowed to be drank. Active exercise in walking, etc., is indispensable, and Turkish baths must be taken regularly. You cannot reduce yourself to the weight you name by means of medicine without endangering your health.

J. McD.—We have not space for the list you require, but it would be useless if we had. The systems of betting here and in England are so totally different that your experience on the field would be utterly valueless. A pseudo English English turf would be ruined by book-making on the English system at the Jerome Park Spring Meeting last year, and collapsed on the very first race, becoming a defaulter for over $1,000, which he

VERITAS.—1. Four of us are playing euchre—partner goes, I deal, and I one of my opponents orders me up and plays it alone; he fails to make his three tricks; does it count my side two or four? 2. Would there be any difference in your answer to the above if the dealer should take it up and play it alone, and failed to make three tricks?".....1. Two points, for the euchre. 2. No. 3. She was born in this country.

BARKER, Montreal.—1. "Jack Cade," originally called "Aylmere, or, The Noble Yeoman," was written by the late Judge Conrad, of Philadelphia, for and at the suggestion of Mr. F. C. Wemyss, who had the part of Jack Cade written for Augustus Adams. 2. Neither Mr. Forrest or any other star, excepting John Brougham, played in New York and Philadelphia on the same night.

BRASSNOSE, Cincinnati.—1. Edwin Forrest made his bow at the Old South Street Theatre, Philadelphia. We never heard of his dancing a jig to a banjo accompaniment of James Bancker. He has turned flip-flaps with a circus company. 2. Matilda Heron made her *debut* Feb. 15th, 1851, at the Walnut, Philadelphia. She was a pupil of Peter Richings.

BAND O., Philadelphia.—The draft of the bar in the Delaware river coming up to Philadelphia is 20 feet at low and 25 feet at high water. The draft at the two channels at Sandy Hook coming to New York is from 21 to 33 feet at low water and 27 to 30 feet at high water. The New Yorker, consequently, wins.

EUCHRE, Cincinnati.—"A, B, C and D are playing euchre. A and C are partners. A deals. B, in looking over his cards finds he has neither ace, face card or trump, but has the misfortune to hold all small cards. Now, can he throw up his hand and claim a new deal because he holds neither ace, face card or trump?".....No. He must play his hand.

C. J. C. S., Baltimore.—1. When not playing she resides with her family on a farm in the western part of this State. 2. Lotta resides in this city. 3. Henry Dobson learned Ella Chapman to play the banjo. 4. This City. A portrait of the lady may appear at some future time.

EUREKA, Baltimore.—1. The lady is engaged for the season at Selwyn's Theatre, Boston. 2. Zoe is traveling with a company of her own organising. 3. Probably not this season. 4. She is not engaged to be married, that we are aware of. 5. Lucille Western was in California at last advices.

C. W. G., Baltimore.—1. For the present whereabouts of Lotta see our city summary. 2. See last week's CLIPPER for particulars of the Chapman sisters. 3. They never performed at Tony Pastor's Opera House to the best of our recollection. Their mother is living.

OLD READER, Lancaster.—1. Two members of the Lehman Family died a few months ago on board ship bound from Australia to California. The balance of the company are in San Francisco. They are pantomimists. 2. Johnny Thompson is considered one of the best.

J. L. M., Fort Harker, Kansas.—Sam Patch never leaped over the falls of Niagara, but he leaped into the stream below from a platform erected a short distance from, and on a level with, the falls. He lost his life at the Genesee Falls, Rochester.

AL. G., Salem, Mass.—1. Write to C. H. Hawkins, 118 East 13 h street, this city. 2. None in this country. You can obtain a copy of British Fistiana by applying to Bill Clarke, whose advertisement appears in another column. 3. See answer draught column next week.

WYOMING, Baltimore, Md.—The owner of the Sappho did challenge the Cambria to race from England to New York, and the owner of the latter declined to sail out in the Atlantic, alleging that the difference in tonnage places too great an advantage upon the side of the American vessel.

READER, Little Rock.—1. The fastest time was that of Gladiateur, one mile 17 yards (the Rowley mile), in 1:39 at Newmarket, in the race for the Two Thousand Guineas. 2. The fastest mile run in the United States was by Barlow, 4 min. 36 secs.

NIX COM ROUS.—1. No one has filled the office since Coburn was acknowledged as such; therefore he has manifestly the best claim to the title of champion. 2. We do not think she did, but we will answer the question decisively in our next issue.

VERDANT.—1. Apply at the institute and obtain a copy of the rules. 2. At the Cooper Institute classes for youth of both sexes are held for instruction in design, drawing and modeling. 3. You will find a knowledge of Latin indispensible to the full understanding of law.

C. D. E., Memphis.—Maggie Mitchell was married in Troy, N. Y., at her husband's brother's home. The gentleman's name was Paddock, not Pollard. The affair took place last June or July.

GEO. R. H., La Crosse, Wis.—If it was a *standing* jump, that chap will do to bet on. The measure is taken from toe to heel—the space actually cleared. The jump can be made either way for a wager, as no parties interested may agree.

J. M., Oswego.—1. Write to John Mulholland, 122 Mott street, New York; he can supply you. 2. The life of Bill Poole is published by De Witt 13 Frankfort street, New York; it contains sketches of Hyer and Morrissey.

CRICKET, Burlington, Vt.—The Athletics and Atlantics did not play a third or "rubber" game last season. The first game, in Philadelphia, was 18 to 9, and the second, in Brooklyn, 37 to 13, both in favor of the Athletics.

W. F., Boston.—Radcliffe, Reade, McBride, Fisler and Commender, of the Athletics; Hatfield, Waterman and Johnson, of the Cincinnatis, and Wright, of the Unions, of Morrisania, were the recipients of the CLIPPER prizes.

GUS, Washington.—The Ravels closed their last engagement in this city at Niblo's Garden, July 14, 1866, and soon after returned to Europe. Gabriel, Francois, Antoine, Young America and the Martinetti Troupe were in the party.

FAN O. FERN.—Sallie Moore, who lately died in England, was the sister of Louisa Moore, who played at Niblo's in "After Dark." Louisa returned to England to see her sister, but she died before she arrived.

STEADY READER.—Little Whiting was formerly known as Ella Brandon. She was in the *ballet* at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, about eight years ago. Was at the Theatre Comique, Boston, for some time.

T. C. S.—The quotation is as follows:—"Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?" But yet I'll make assurance double sure, and take a bond of fate." It is in "Macbeth," act 4, scene 1, just after the witches have disappeared.

DOT, Chicago.—He is considered a good comedian in the west, but, like others in the profession, he's John Barleycorn get the best of him too often. Professionally, he is not known in the east.

HOOSIER, Evansville.—A commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has no right to make an arrest without a warrant except in the counties of Kings, Queens, Richmond, parts of Westchester and New York.

CONSTANT READER, Albany, N. Y.—1. Joe Coburn and Jim Mace were to have fought at Pierstown, Parish of Kilmare, County Tipperary, Ireland, October 4, 1864. 2. Dan Donnelly was Oliver.

RISING AUTHOR, Philadelphia.—It was printed *verbatim*, and read in proof from copy, by two different persons. Your present letter is a decided improvement on the former. We have not the time to spare to read your play.

H. A. J., St. Paul.—1. He did not carry full weight for age when he ran a mile in 1:44. 2. In the mile heats, Mammona and Revolver each ran a heat in 1:44¼; but Revolver's was a second and Mammonas a first heat. 3. Gladiateur's time was 1:39.

MERRYBORO.—In a sweepstakes at pigeon shooting, every person who enters stakes an equal amount, say $5 or $10 each, and the party killing the most birds out of a specified number previously agreed upon takes the whole stake.

M. L., Boston, Mass.—Joe Wormald did defraud a Bowery photographer out of a large number of pictures, and if he ever comes to this city the latter will doubtless use his utmost endeavors to "get hunk" with him.

BLACK CROOK, Baltimore.—1. Of the two ladies Lucille Western is the best. 2. As a banjoist Lotta is the better of the two mentioned. 3. Of W. C. Wemyss, No. 3 Astor place. 4. The position they occupy gives them the right to that title.

PRIMITIVE, Fayetville, Ark.—There is nothing in the rules to prevent the pitcher from folding his arms before delivering the ball.

WEST PHILADELPHIA.—You haven't got it right. One man saw another in prison, and then "spoke the piece" you have quoted. The two were father and son. It's an old gag.

J. VAN BLARCUM.—An advertisement in the amusement columns will cost $6.24; in the sporting or miscellaneous, $8.32, cash in advance.

C. H. B.—Robert Stickney is considered one of the best paid riders in the business, either in this country or England. There are several good double somersault performers.

READER, Geneva.—The bet was on a certain point of fact, and the assertion of A that he drove the horse on the occasion referred to is decisive; B therefore loses his bet.

S. J., St. Louis.—We have more *original* poetry than we can find room for, and that is why "The Defeat of Tom Allen" cannot appear.

W. F. AKRON.—A had no right to go outside the fence to gather his bird, and B is correct in claiming it to be a missed bird.

L. F., Cincinnati.—London is the largest and Pekin the most populous city in the world, according to the most reliable data.

C. W. W., Ruby Valley, Nevada.—Three sixes, two fours, and a five do not count either 56 or 46 points at cribbage, 29 being the most that can be held.

FAIR PLAY.—1. Tom Hyer wasn't a Dutchman. 2. They were born in this country, but we do not know whether they are of German extraction or no'.

THEODORE.—Dan Bryant did not marry his brother's widow. She has, however, married since the death of Jerry. Her maiden name was Nellie Camp, of New Haven.

N. M.—1. The lady has for the present retired from the stage. 2. The challenge must appear as an advertisement at 15 cents per line.

H. D. F.—1. His correct name is Bernard Flaherty, Williams being an assumed or professional name. 2. The other gentleman is known by his own name.

A. H. HASTINGS.—Your letter was sent in the directed envelope at the time and place you requested. We have another one for you.

G. S., West Troy.—A straight flush does not count unless previously agreed upon. When thus allowed to count, it beats four aces in "some localities."

DOCTOR AND DOUBTLESS.—The largest and heaviest projectile ever fired was a twenty-eight inch pointed shot, weighing over 600lbs., forced from the "Swamp Angel" gun.

HANEY, Alton, Ill.—1. If he cannot take any other card, nor build, he must take it. 2. No. 3. No. 4. Yes. 5. He cannot do so unless he has a ten in his own hand.

"NAT," New Orleans.—It is not in accordance with our rules, but if, by so doing, he will assist you in the way suggested, we may, "for this time only," deviate from our usual course.

VERNON.—Place yourself in the hands of a regular practitioner, take plenty of outside exercise, avoid wine, women and all exciting stimulants, and you may be "brought round again."

S. W. H. AND J. N. D., Chicago, Ill.—Cahill is entitled to the money, as Brennan had forfeited all claims thereto by resigning the contest. Your letter was mislaid.

J. T. DAVIS.—There are none published of the Ward brothers. You can obtain one of Hamill by addressing him in our care.

FRANK M., Newport, R. I.—You win the bet. Mr. A. T Stewart was born in Ireland.

H. L., Nashville, Ten.—1. We cannot furnish No. 33. 2. The player on third was out.

O., Ottawa, Ontario.—As both Massey and Kavanagh failed to complete the distance, the bet is a draw.

YOUNG COYLE, Jackson, Miss.—1. He was killed in Ohio. 2. Not that we are aware of.

FISTIANA.—You can obtain a copy of "British Fistiana" by applying to Bill Clarke, 209 Mercer street; price, $2 50.

JACK, Boston.—We do not know of any work that would give you the desired information.

CUPID, Philadelphia.—Rings were given to ladies only, but at each performance.

LINDA, Springfield.—1. Send us your address and we will forward the letter. 2. Maggie was married in Troy, N. Y.

STANTON, Mich.—Our opinion is that no player can go alone when a partner assists.

JOHN W. CORTELYOU.—We have an important letter for you. Send and get it.

NIBBS, Ashton, R. I.—Where both parties have scored six, the player who holds ace goes out before the one holding deuce.

C. W., Washington, D. C.—We have no reason to doubt his probity. Write him again.

N. E. W.—The lines require some straightening, which we have not time to give them.

F. M. B., Fall River.—The dealer is not entitled to another shuffle after the cards are cut.

HARVARD, Boston, Mass.—A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him.

READER.—Mr. Bonner never sold Dexter, but still owns him.

CONSTANT READER, Chicago.—Mrs. D. P. Bowers has been acknowledged as a star since 1864.

MARBLE HEART, Memphis.—The piece was dramatised by Augustin Daly. We never heard of Mr. F. playing in it.

H. M. C., Niles, Mich.—There is no reliable record of quarter racing.

W. H. PARSHALL, Volcano, W. V.—We have not got the CLIPPER for 1868 for sale.

J. W. HARRIS, Olney, Ill.—We are not in that line of business. Parties who are, advertise in another column.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We cannot inform you—better take a look around and discover for yourself.

H. H., Piqua.—1. We do not know of any such work. 2. The song is in print.

[illegible] cannot inform you whether the lads [illegible] peared in the saw-dust ring or not.

KIRKWOOD.—1. It is not customary to pay on any occasion. 2. Blanche has retired from the stage.

MARQUIS, New Orleans.—1. She is sixteen years of age. 2. We cannot furnish you with the back numbers you desire.

SUBSCRIBER, Mellville, N. J.—You can get Cassell's Bible by addressing Walter Low, No. 596 Broadway, N. Y.

JNO. C., Powelton.—The longest recorded standing jump is 12 ft. 8½ in., by Bob Way, at Chicago.

C. S., Camp Three Forks.—Dexter never trotted a twenty mile match.

BUSKIN.—The gentleman you mention is reported to be engaged to the little actress.

W. B. G., Richmond.—The difference of time between New York and Liverpool is 4 hours 56 minutes.

T. J. W., Detroit.—We have made enquiries, but cannot ascertain where the articles are to be obtained.

F. AND B., Sardis, Miss.—Blaistadt painted the picture "Storm in the Rocky Mountains."

W. H. P., Savannah.—Gladiateur, the winner of the Epsom Derby in 1865, was bred in France.

MAXEY, Cincinnati.—At domino euchre, when the double six is the trump, the double five is the left bower.

T. M. D., Detroit.—We cannot give the amount of the King of Prussia's annual income in gold.

PETROLEUM CASTLE.—Your proper name should have been given to authenticate the charges.

A. A. W.—Mrs. Chanfrau has been married but once.

R. J. B., Baltimore.—We have no files of that paper.

DICK.—Call at Dramatic Hall, Houston street, near Crosby.

H. S., Brooklyn.—Flora Temple's best time is 2:19¾.

J. H., Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa.—It is not probable.

BOB, Newark.—John Muldmay is the character.

M. R.—Emille is in San Francisco, Cal., playing.

NAT, St. Louis.—There is no truth in the rumor.

J. B. O., Rochester.—We forwarded your letter as requested.

KING FARO;

OR,

Leaves from the Diary of a Reformed Bowery Boy.

We take this opportunity of announcing to our readers that we shall commence our new volume with a thrilling and graphic serial, comprising a history of that monarch of games, "Faro," interspersed with facts and legends connected with its dark and terrible sway throughout the civilized globe. Enlightened France, Merrie England, and Mystic Germany, play a conspicuous part in this great world drama, while the Fast United States, from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the bounds of California, acknowledges the iron rule of the paste-board monarch. It is entitled,—

KING FARO AND HIS SATELLITES;
OR,
LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF
A REFORMED BOWERY BOY.
BY
JOHN COOPER VAIL,
Author of the "Hebrew Gladiator," "La Tour de Nesle," "Life Scenes in Our Great Cities," &c.

The story as a whole is one of intense interest. The scenes change like the variations of a Kaleidoscope, from the great bank of John Law, whose chips were of solid gold and who turned for a million, to the dark slums of St. Antoine, St. Giles and the Five Points, where the smallest coin was devoured by the Tiger. The third book, entitled "The Star of the Pave, or on the Tear and on the Town," introduces many living characters among the *gay gamboliers*, who will be readily recognized by the fast men about town; while it also reveals the wonderful history of the Cora Pearl of the Crescent City, and the terrible secrets of the vigilance committee in Vicksburg and San Francisco. Do not fail to purchase No. 1, Vol. XVII., of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, to be issued early in April.

GROVES OF THESPIS AND THE GROVES OF ACADEMUS.

With the members of nearly all the professions the recollection of the halcyon hours passed in the "groves of Academus" forms the brightest retrospect in their diversified lives, and to the knowledge of men and things imbibed during that classic period of preparation success in life is most usually attributed. A man of letters, or a divine, or a statesman, or a physician, is never expected to attain deserved prominence unless after a course of study more or less severe, and although self-education sometimes overleaps the obstacle, we shall find that in a majority of cases it is training that carries off the honors, backed by natural talent—the indispensable requisite in every case. That is to say, a certain something is required beside the training, and that something a natural adaptability for the pursuit to be chosen. Now we have schools and colleges in abundance for instruction in every conceivable branch of knowledge except the drama, which from this very social ostracism has been allowed to assume an inferior position, when, in very truth, it is entitled by every just consideration to take a leading rank. If the most brilliant intellects in the world, including a large representation from the pulpit and the bar, have felt honored in contributing to its literature, why should we not consider it as worthy cultivation as any of the schools from which mankind derive ideas of morals? It is not because it has been too popular with all ranks, but because it has been neglected, that the drama's affairs have been thus far fluctuating. The reason why there is such a preponderance of actors of an inferior grade is simply that there are no opportunities for adequate schooling. It may be urged that there is not an absolute dearth of "elocutionists," or teachers of the separate art of elocution, but even these operate upon a limited scale, and when the utmost is said, they, after all, but partially supply the great requirement. In this dilemma it has often struck us that a regular dramatic college, supported by ample capital and conducted by competent professors of the art, would meet at this day a very general demand, fully warranted by the great increase of population. Under the management of competent teachers, an institute of the kind suggested, conducted upon true principles, might command a high degree of success. It might comprehend a class room for the teaching of elocution, pure; a miniature theatre, fitted with scenery and supplied with costumes and accessories; a debating hall, an oratorical forum, and a library treating of all the subjects connected, and stocked with the works of all the playrights and orators, from Shakespeare, Sophocles and Cicero, downward, as well as the poets, who are masters of the different forms of expression. The principle of the Cornell University, where pupils pay by their industry, might even be applied, and certain scholars be allowed to defray the expense of tuition by periodical exhibitions, to which a proportionate entrance fee should be charged. Large numbers would patronize such an academy for intellectual recreation or amusement, but many also would adopt it as a channel of introduction to the stage or the rostrum. It would serve for a school of dramatic morals as well as of practice, and would fill a void which no one has as yet thought of supplying. It is, at least, worth the trial.

THEATRICAL SLANG.

The recent law suits brought against Mr. Manager Lingard, and determined by the judgment of Justice Smith, one of the minor civil judiciaries, adequately demonstrate the indefinite character of the contracts ordinarily governing the professional relations between actors and their employers, as well as the loose and unsatisfactory nature of the language employed in their determination. It appears that the theatre boasts a peculiar phraseology, not very well understood by even the members of the profession, and as unintelligible to the public at large as the more complicated vocabulary of the heirarchy of rogues, familiarly designated as "flash," or "St. Giles Greek." Indeed, the jargon of the criminal fraternity can exult in an advantage over the slang of theatrical professionals, inasmuch as the knack of "pattering in flash, like a covey knowing," can be acquired, as in the case of Lord Byron, through recourse to some standard lexicon of that tongue, several of which have been compiled, to while away the prison hours of offenders, addicted to philological investigations, while the phraseology of the green room appears equivocal, even when interpreted by experts.

The case of Pike against Lingard turned upon the meaning of the word "utility," as applied to a portion of stage business, and rendered, not according to its translation into synonymous English, but in harmony with the custom of the stage. It is assuredly in our popular tongue a very simple word, readily comprehended and expounded, but, taken in connection with its theatrical application, this intelligible term became as enigmatical to the learned judge as a hieroglyph upon the obelisk of Luxor. The Justice, not being posted in the dramatic vernacular, was compelled, as an act of courtesy to the plaintiffs, to fathom the intention of employing a word capable of travestigation, and of further determining the legal effect sought to be produced by its qualification of a written contract. Consequently, a resort was had to the testimony of experts, presumptively versed in the usages and language of their calling, and the time of the court was occupied, to the prejudice of more important public business, by the examination of dramatic interpreters, who, as a matter of course, placed contradictory construction upon that, which, of an ordinary comprehension, should have been evident at a glance.

Finally, Mr. Justice Smith, after serious cogitation and sore perplexity, rendered his judgment by endeavoring to reconcile the various degrees of utility applied to the standard of theatrical merit, as expounded by the witnesses sworn as experts. The Judge found that the incoherent words "respectable utility" and "responsible utility" were ordicarily employed by the higher grade of artists as synonymous, while as to utility itself, in its unqualified acceptation, his honor fell back upon the principles of common sense, and declared his opinion that a utility member of a theatrical company, according to his idea of the law of contracts, means one both able and willing to make him or herself generally useful in compliance with any managerial mandate, when not tending to degrade the professional's habitual standing, especially as in this disputed suit, where there was promise of "better business." There was, momentarily, the end of the matter; still we remain, as usual, in the dark, after this decision, as to the legal effect of the word "utility," as before the rendition of a judgment based rather upon a series of facts than upon a point of law.

Now it appears to us very singular that, taking into consideration the peculiar character of a majority of theatrical contracts, and the avidity with which they are oftentimes sought to be broken under emergent circumstances, the dramatic profession have not devised some well settled and thoroughly definite phraseology, comprehensible to an ordinary legist, and concerning the meaning of which there can be no possibility of dispute. In the ordinary transactions of mercantile life, in the every day affairs of a private individual, the making of a contract is the result of meditation, rarely concluded without the intervention of a third party, and the employment of language concise, precise and thoroughly intelligible. Every rational business man perceives, and acknowledges, the importance of such a line of conduct, and still the actor, well aware of the precariousness of his calling, trusts himself to the employment of conventionalities, entailing useless litigation, and oftentimes positive loss, through inability to convey that definite interpretation without which the legal obligation of a written contract becomes vitiated. An actor may comprehend the vernacular of the green-room, and understand the scope of a contract based upon its employment, but assuredly it is too much to expect that the judiciary and the legal profession shall be compelled to master its intricacies to pass opinions as to the extent and form of duties exacted by a written instrument pregnant with disputed phraseology.

It is apparent to every one, that of all actions at law those instituted for presumptive breaches of contract between actors and managers are the most unpopular with the judiciary, a majority of whom are strongly prejudiced against the loose and seemingly flippant manner in which professional engagements are entered upon. Now this is a cardinal injustice against the rights of many honorable and hard working individuals, who are wholly at the mercy of managerial magnates, setting themselves up as sure judges of the customs of the stage, which, they insist, constitute the spirit of theatrical law. It is evident that this lukewarmness of the judiciary, who can almost instantly decide upon the legal points of an ordinary contract, even though tainted with peculiarities in phraseology common to many branches of trade and commerce, originates in the responsible retention of what they, with show of indignation, regard as dramatic slang. A criminal judge may possibly comprehend the language of flash; a commercial tribunal may be versed in the dialect of Wall street, in the conventionalities of the Stock and Produce Exchange, but when it comes to a specific, ulative determination of green room *patois*, the courts evidence a repugnance to the entertainment of complaints, viewed as superfluous complicities of their labor.

We commiserate with the unequal position of the theatrical profession before the law as compared with the remedial facilities granted other suitors, conceiving themselves financially aggrieved, yet we must frankly add that the majority of inconveniences incidental to the recovery of damages by reason of violation of contracts, tending to the disadvantages of actors and actresses, can be traced to their persistent employment of a language which should have been obsolete long before this day. The general rule of law in this State, while allowing the broadest latitude in the interpretation of written documents is explicit upon the matter of their being intelligible, for it is an established maxim that parole testimony can be at any time excluded when offered to elucidate an instrument under seal.

There are hundreds of artists imported annually into this country who would not be tempted to relinquish positions in European cities unless believing themselves amply protected by managerial covenants. These foreign performers may thoroughly comprehend the nature of the services for which they have been engaged, and yet, upon arrival here, they will discover that they are generally at the mercy of the management, by whose agent they have been engaged. Happily for those who chance to be deceived, the United States presents a broad field for theatrical enterprise, in which persons of acknowledged talent are certain of employment; nevertheless, consideration of this fact does not extenuate a primary error, as many, strangers in our land, have discovered to their temporary cost. Besides, dramatic speculations, promising large returns, have failed signally in the hands of responsable managers, who naturally attribute failure to other sources than their own misjudgment, and from this cause has been generated frequent litigation, as well as professional reerimination.

The internal administration of a theatre is a sealed work to a majority of the community, with its series of rules and regulations, its fines and penalties, and its code of traditional customs oftentimes at variance with our established notions of personal rights, but which is accepted by the manager as the basis for his professional government, and to which he considers his employees to have given an implied, or tacit consent. In the eye of the law, these numerous green-room ordinances can be regarded as merely disciplinary suggestions, tending to preserve the dignity of the profession, or to secure a harmony in an effective performance, but in nowise obligatory upon an artist, performing under contract, unless engrafted upon the document subscribed by the contracting parties.

In view of the inconveniences of the existing system of engagements, let us suggest as a remedy that a proper and definite form for theatrical contracts be devised by a competent person under the supervision of the Dramatic Fund, or other representative body, and then adopted by the profession as a general guide, to be filled up in accordance with the specific services therein explicitly described and covenanted to be performed. Until this be done the business relations between managers and artists will, we are morally certain, prove inharmonious.

WHAT HAPPENS EVERY NIGHT.

The crowding and the shuffling, and the fluttering of silks and satins have already commenced, the carriages come and go in an endless train, the air of the spacious hall begins to grow sickening with the commingled odors of musk and patchouli. For a period of some twenty minutes a powerful orchestra and several lusty voiced singers have vainly been endeavoring to make themselves heard amid the din. A few innocent minded people, who really came to hear a promised musical treat, look puzzled, disappointed, even indignant. It is a fashionable concert. The dresses displayed by the feminine portion of the *audience* are superb enough to illustrate the grandeur of a court; diamonds and jewels flash and glitter on every side, and beautiful complexions, swelling busts and exquisite *tournures* are numerously represented. Moustached and bearded manhood, in all the glory of white kids and side whiskers, vies in little acts of gallantry to the giddy minded fair. And now we begin to see what all these worthy people have really come for. When it is found inconvenient or expensive to entertain an army of friends at home, how much more agreeable, not to say economical, to meet them at the crowded concert or *matinee*, where, certainly, one may see just as much of them, may criticise their costumes and personal points with even greater freedom, and may make a better individual display than when confined to the cramping limits of even the largest drawing rooms. Turning over the programme we must confess there is a wonderful lack of matter to interest, and are forced to conclude that the vocalists, knowing they will not be heard—perhaps not understood if heard—proceed upon the principle that one piece of music will please the public quite as well as another. The critic, as an institution, is therefore becoming obsolete, since there is nothing new to criticise. The programme enumerates only the same pieces, the titles of which have grown threadbare by usage, and which have been ground into our ears from time immemorial by the street organs. Even the names of Kellogg, and States, and La grange, and Brignoli (to whom, alas, the pretty dears no longer write notelets!) fail to redeem them. A stranger wishing to enjoy something from the lips of singers who are paid at the rate of, perhaps, three hundred dollars a song, would probably hear the whole concert distorted and interpolated, making such a jumble of sense and nonsense that the sensible are glad to take refuge in flight. In the case where the airs are all Italian, and confined to *Ah non giunge*, or *Una voce poco fa*, which it is unfashionable to understand, this may make little difference; imagine a concert in modern English mixed up in the following style:—

"Mi-hid plassores ant palaices
Dough we mae room —"

—Four yards of point lace, two feet deep, and skirt borders scolloped with —"

"Be it evair soo comly
Daire's noo blaire laike —"

—"Maillaird's, and all of us went; the *pates* were delightful, and I really felt like—"

"The last rose of summer
Left blooming —"

—"In Stewart's new store, and every one buys it, so I thought it was a little too common for"—

"The girl I left at home."

—"But, my dear fellow, they won't compare with Scullop's oysters—you know Scullop's"—

"Let me like a soldier fall."

—"Down one flight of steps in the cellar, where you can also get the best of"—

"Maids with eyes of silver sheen,
Maids with waves of golden hair"—

—"All covered with calves' foot jelly and as tender as"—

"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines"—

—"But it's getting late for Mrs. Bilby's reception and I must go. By-bye, dear; I'll meet you"—

"When the fair land of Poland
Is bowed 'neath the hoof"—

—"Did you ever! Why it was only last night that I"—

"Dreamt that I dwelt in"—

—"Mrs. Spriggs's conservatory; really, it was too bad, and"—

And thus until the last piece on the programme is reached, when, *exeunt severally* the audience, seemingly rejoiced that their evening's penance is so soon ended.

CONCERNING THE WITNESS BOX.

Those who have never made a habit of attending the courts, have little idea what a treat they have missed. They go to the theatres, and imagine that in the ridiculous travesties of the witness box there presented, they witness a portraiture of actual life, when the fact is, richer scenes are daily enacted before bench and bar, than were ever witnessed on the stage. We are sometimes inclined to be severe upon the gentlemen of the bar for the liberties they venture to take with witnesses, but it must be acknowledged that they work on intractable material, and that, if their offence is rank, the provocation is great. We have, in the first place, the *smart* witness, who enters the court-room elaborately gotten up as to dress, and with an air of smiling confidence upon his features, which denotes an implied reering or commiseration for the practitioner, a sense of something more than equality for the court, and a supercilious appreciation of self. This feeling lasts usually from five to ten minutes of the direct examination, and expires altogether on the cross questioning. The counsel for the opposition handles him as a playful kitten handles a rat, pawing him with gentle severity, seizing and purring over him, giving him an occasional touch of the claws, and finally frightening the senses out of him by a sudden "pit! pit!" and a snap which never fails to finish him, and sends him cut of court in a wilted condition, too absent minded to ask for his fee. Occasionally a trial will be so unreasonably protracted that the witness becomes gray haired before its termination. Imagine the agonies he must have undergone in the interim! Again, we have the Intelligent Witness, who enters upon his examination with a perfectly lucid idea of the case, but before counsel have done with him becomes so befogged and bewildered that he leaves the courtroom in a dazed and incoherent condition, and is obliged to inquire his way to the street. He has been asked a question with regard to which his moral convictions are clear and his recollection perfect, and has answered in accordance, but is upset and demoralised by that distracting query of adverse counsel, delivered in high and threatening tones—"Now, Mr. Pillsbury, you have told the jury that you *saw* the prisoner appropriate the potatoes. Are you *sure* that they were potatoes at all? Remember, you are on your oath, and are supposed to be aware of the consequences of perjury." Then, after an embarrassed pause, during which the witness scratches his head—"You see, gentlemen of the jury, he does not even know if they were potatoes at all!" Whereupon witness flickers out like an exhausted candle, and departs with a sense of total vacuity. Next in order is the reliable witness, who proves to know nothing whatever about the circumstances, and cannot remember either dates or names. He is assailed, bullied and ballyragged by both counsel, severely criticised by the court for taking up its time, and dismissed with ignominy, but experiences a savage delight in exacting his fees. Then we have the idiot witness, who doesn't know enough to come in when it rains; and the prevaricating witness, who gets everything in a tangle and is the recipient of any amount of virtuous indignation; and the unblushing witness, whose effrontery surpasses that of the lawyers; and the saucy witness, who is always being sent below for contempt; and the timid witness, who is so flustered that his evidence is of little or no account; and the spasmodic witness, who swoons and collapses; and the female witness, who either bridles up at every question as a personal affront, or who has fainting spells and hysterics. There, too, is the Contumacious Witness, the ignorant, the cunning and the professional, who makes a business of seeing everything that transpires everywhere, and sometimes hits a good thing by either being bought off or suborned. The Poor Devil Witness, who has "never no friends" and is shut up in a cell to make sure of him, being treated like a felon himself, is another of the *genus* and altogether the most shamefully used. In short, there is no end to the varieties of character which every day's experience is developing in the regular courts of law.

SOME BRICKLAYERS, engaged in erecting a new edifice, the other day left a ladder standing against the building. A man undertook to climb the ladder, and did get *very high*, but being *very high* when he began the excursion, he fell from near the top of the ladder, breaking one of his *arms* as the result of his *feat*. He fell the distance of *two stories*, thus furnishing *another sad story* for the newspapers.

DRY GOODS.—A Charleston, S. C., paper narrates, with great gusto, how a colored servant girl of that city, who had been treated with every indulgence, went off with her mistress' spoons. *Unbleached domestics* have evidently fallen quite low down there, and probably *black wools* are no better.

A VETERAN CRICKETER GONE!—Thomas Senior, the well known professional cricketer, who has been attached to the Philadelphia Club for so many years in teaching how the willow should be wielded and the ball should be bowled, died at the age of 51 years, on the 7th inst., after a short illness, at his late residence, No. 34 Strawberry street, Philadelphia. His funeral took place on the 10th inst., at which a large procession of mourners attended, composed of members from the various cricket clubs and other societies. As a man he was highly thought of, and wherever his prime his skill at cricket was such as to place him in the front rank; to him may be credited as much as to any one the proficiency attained by the young American cricketers of the Quaker City, and their taste for the game. That his death will be sad news to the fraternity at large, and his end taken taking off sincerely regretted, we doubt not, and though it may now be said "Poor Tom's a cold," still his memory will live long in the hearts of all those who knew him. He has played his last innings on earth, and "out!" has been pronounced.

SHUFFLE BOARD MATCH FOR A BASKET OF WINE.—A very exciting game of shuffle board, for a basket of wine, came off on Friday evening, 12th inst., at King's Excelsior Court, West Forty-first street, between Bob Campbell, of the Thistle House, and Tom Clarke, an *attache* of Higgins' carpet factory. The game was 61 points. At the start Bob took the lead, fairly astonishing himself, as well as Tom, by his brilliant play. Clarke's friends offered to take 3 to 1 on him, but there were no takers, the general feeling seeming to be that Tom was "letting up," to get bets on. After a while he pulled up rapidly on Bob, went by him, and kept the lead till the end of the game, when the scores stood—Clar

THE RING.

DEATH OF BOB McLAREN.

The latest issue of *Bell's Life* to hand contains an announcement of the death of Robinson McLaren, better known by the *aliases* of "Peter Crawley's Young Big 'Un" and "George Thompson," which occurred in Australia, October 25, 1868, of paralysis. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, about the year 1824, stood 6 feet 1¼ inches in height, and weighed 175 pounds. When in London he challenged Tom Paddock and the Tipton Slasher, but being unable to get on a match with either, he went with Tass Parker to Scotland, where he was matched against Jemmy McMulken for £100 and the championship of Auld Scotia. They fought one hour and thirty minutes at Netherbridge, Dumfries, but darkness coming on, the fight was not finished. McMulken was, however, dreadfully punished, and declining to meet Bob again, relinquished all claim to the championship. Shortly after this McLaren visited this country and accepted the office of trainer for Tom Hyer, then matched with Sullivan, making his first public appearance in a set-to with Yankee at an exhibition given by the latter at the Shakespeare Hotel, during the last week in September, 1848. Some time after this memorable battle he left for California, where he beat Jack Willis in nine rounds and nineteen minutes, near Sacramento, June 30, 1852. Morrissey was also in the Golden State at the time, and this led to the renewal of the old animosities of Irish and English nationality, and finally to the making of a match between the rivals for $2,000 a side. The fight took place at Mare Island, and after fighting eleven rounds in sixteen minutes the fight was awarded to Morrissey on account of a foul blow from Thompson. The fight was not properly developed to a regular climax, for Thompson is said to have been so much under the influence of intimidation, from the large number of Morrissey's friends, that he purposely gave the foul blow as the easiest way of getting out of what threatened to be a serious, if not fatal difficulty; an infuriated mob, recognizing no law, was not likely to regard the rules of the ring. In the following year he went to Australia, and, being unable to get on a match, settled down as a publican. In 1856 he visited England, and on his return opened the Glasgow Arms, Ballarat, where he was patronized so well that he was enabled to purchase the freehold of the Colonial Bank, now known as McLaren's Hotel. Being better educated than most pugilists, and of strictly honorable principles, he gained in both hemispheres not merely the good will, but the esteem of all straightforward sporting men, and will long be remembered as an example to be copied by all members of the *corps pugilistique*. It is satisfactory to know that he has left his widow and children in very comfortable circumstances.

DOONEY HARRIS vs. UNCLE TOVEE.

In order that no injustice may be done, knowingly, to either party, we give publicity to the subjoined vernon of what occurred at Edwards and Harris' late exhibition in Brooklyn:—

NEW YORK, March 13, 1869.

EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—In the report of the sparring entertainment given by myself and Billy Edwards last week, it is stated that I desired to obtain the use of Tovee's gloves without paying therefor. Will you permit me to make a statement in reference to the matter? I had borrowed a new pair of gloves for the set-to between myself and Edwards, expecting of course that Tovee would as usual bring a pair with him. As he did not have them, I commissioned him to get a pair at a place he knew in the vicinity of City Hall, Brooklyn. Not wishing that the old man should walk the distance in the hot air for me, after the exhibition was over I presented him with $5, while Edwards gave him a like amount for the gloves. I have only ventured to trouble you in this matter because I consider that it is due to me that I should not be considered capable of acting meanly by the sporting fraternity or the public generally. I am, sir, yours obediently,

DOONEY HARRIS.

O'BALDWIN IN BOSTON.—The efforts of the friends of Ned O'Baldwin to secure the Olympic Theatre, Boston, Mass., for a testimonial benefit, with a view to enabling him to raise the first instalment of the amount necessary to extricate himself from his present difficulties, proved successful, and the event was announced to take place on Monday evening, 15th inst. The entertainment was to open with an olio of singing and dancing, followed by Prof. Denney in the club exercises, and John Shea, the noted athlete, in the feat of elevating two 50 pound dumb bells, one in each hand, fifty times. The more prominent sparrers who were to take part were John Shea, James Coffey, Tom Denny, Teddy McAuliffe, Tim Collins, Young Donovan, and Eugene McCarthy, Shea and Donovan giving the wind-up. From the sympathy manifested for O'Baldwin at the Hub, it was expected that the exhibition would be largely attended.

RING FIGHT IN UTAH.—A fistic encounter for five hundred dollars took place near Wasatch, Utah, on the 28th ult., the principals thereto being a brace of amateurs named Billy Murphy and "English Bill," who, to settle an old grudge, as well as prove who was the better man in a muscular contest, agreed to have a go within the hempen circle. Murphy was waited upon by Patsy Marley and Tom Russell, while Pat McDermott and Jimmy Reed looked after the English chap, who weighed 136lbs to Murphy's 126lbs. Joe Reilly, of Montana, officiated as referee, and the battle was determined at Montana, after 107 rounds, but toward the latter part of the mill Billy, who had the worst of the bargain all through, resorted to the drop game, going down suspiciously more than once, and finally committing so palpable a foul that the referee awarded the fight to Murphy on appeal from Marley.

OFF HAND MILL.—The fight between English Billy and Bill Murphy, reported elsewhere in this issue, was to have taken place on the 20th ult., but for some reason a postponement was agreed upon after the fighting ground had been reached. In order not to entirely disappoint those who had gone to see it, Patsy Marley said he would fight Pat McDermott then and there, if the boys would make it an object, and the latter being agreeable a purse of $200 is said to have been raised on the spot, when without much ado Pat and Patsy peeled and went at it. It was a friendly engagement and Marley was declared the victor after battling seven rounds, coming out without a mark.

JOE WORMALD TO CHARLEY GALLAGHER.—We are in receipt of a letter from Joe Wormald, dated Windsor, Ontario, March 9th, wherein he says that if Gallagher really does think himself capable of doing battle with any man in the country, he (Joe) will hold himself ready to make a match for from $500 to $2,500 a side, at any time, the fight to take place in Canada, six or eight weeks after the first deposit, as Wormald dare not engage in a contest in the States. We do not think it at all probable that anything will come of this proposition, but give it for what it is worth—it will go to show that Charley has not the course to himself by any means.

TURN-UP IN THE PUKE STATE.—Billy Clemp and Jack Weiss, a couple of residents of Carondelet, Mo., have been very bitter toward each other for some months past and several appointments have been made for the purpose of settling matters by a test of muscle, but somehow or other it always happened that one of the twain was absent at the designated period. On the 8th inst. they ran across each other, and after some hot words Weiss applied an unpleasant epithet to William, which the latter resented by a body blow which threatened to turn Jack into Weiss-bier. Friends interfered and it went no further, but they have, we understand, entered into an agreement to have it out agreeable to the rules.

STABBING AFFRAY IN ST. LOUIS.—Patsy Curtin and Jim Hagerty became involved in an altercation at McCoole's Saloon, in the Mound City, on the afternoon of Thursday, 11th inst., terminating in each drawing bowie knives and cutting each other in a very serious manner. Curtin, who, it will be remembered, was one of Gallagher's seconds in his fight with Allen, had his windpipe nearly severed, and Haggerty received two severe gashes in the head, one of which separated the temporal artery. Curtin was still alive at last accounts, but his condition is extremely critical.

THE JOYCE-MONTGOMERY MILL.—Peter Joyce has waited upon us and denies *in toto* the statement made by the Montgomery party in last week's issue, claiming that he won the fight fairly and that he never had as easy a job in his life, though he was defrauded out of the money after the referee had given a decision in his favor. He don't wish to have any newspaper talk about it, however, but to prove the truth of what he asserts, he says he is ready to make another match, for $500 a side, the fight to take place anywhere in Maryland or Virginia where he can be insured fair play.

WANTS TO FIGHT HIM AGAIN.—The following communication explains itself:—

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 10th, 1869.

FRANK QUEEN.—As Sandy Smith is not satisfied with me about the last encounter we had, I now challenge him again for the same amount, or more if he wants it, the fight to come off at the same place. I have this day deposited one hundred dollars in the hands of Patrick Kirby, a responsible man. If Smith means business, let him answer this through your paper, as I don't wish to have any words with him whatever. My money talks, and I think he is a big blow and nothing else. JOHN MCDONALD.

THE JUDGE AND JURY CLUB.—The old established free and easy headquarters, House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, continues in the full tide of prosperity since Frank Burns took hold of the reins. The main feature is the Judge and Jury, which is in session nightly, with Lord Chief Baron Morton on the bench. The vocal and instrumental corps, under the direction of Al. Braham, is as efficient as of old.

TOM MCCAULEY AND JAS. DERMOTTY were matched for a mill, to take place in the vicinity of Cincinnati on the 17th of March, and had made arrangements for training, the former having secured Dan Grant, a relative of old Jack Grant's, and the latter Tom Ryan, but for some reason the thing fell through. .....Butt Riley was in the City of Pork last week.....Johnny Lafferty is still in limbo in the Campbell County Jail.

CHARLEY COLLINS, the "Cast Iron Man," was announced to give an exhibition at Union Hall, New Haven, Ct., on the evening of the 15th inst. Patsy Sheppard was to give the wind-up with him. From thence he goes to Hartford.

JOHNNY SWEENEY, teacher of boxing, who has for some time past been located at Pleasantville, Pa., has changed his base to Titusville, in the oil regions.

TIM HUSSEY will take a benefit at either the Alhambra or 600 Broadway, on the evening of the 24th inst.

SKATING.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP—SWIFT vs. CURTIS.

Our readers will remember that when the decision in the contest between Swift and Goodrich, at Buffalo, on the 20th ult., was announced, the winner was challenged by Callie Curtis to another trial. The rules of the American Skating Congress, which govern all championship matches, makes it imperative that the holder of the diamond and gold medal shall meet all challengers, and that every match must come off within two weeks from the date of the *deft*. The allotted time expired on Monday, 15th inst., and on the evening of that day the trial of skill was to have taken place at the Rochester rink. As the CLIPPER goes to press on the same evening, we are unable to announce the result. In our next issue we shall give a detailed account of the encounter from the pen of our special reporter, who will be present on the occasion.

Swift has held the championship and medal since Feb. 1, 1868, and if he can retain it for two consecutive seasons, it will become his private property, and he can retire upon his laurels. He has already defeated James C. Mead, of this city, and E. T. Goodrich, of Chicago, this season, and his friends were in hopes that the cold weather would not last long enough to give Curtis a shy at him. In this they were disappointed however. The weather in the Western part of the State has been intensely cold for the past week, and the ice was in magnificent condition. Swift has not been idle since his last victory, and as he does not hold young Curtis too cheap, he may pull through a winner. On the 10th, Swift was at Syracuse; Oswego on the 11th and 12th, and at Rochester on the 13th. Curtis was at the Buffalo rink all last week, and a private letter informs us that he has been as busy as a bee practicing with Eugene W. Pratt and others.

The judges, as originally selected, were Mr. E. H. Berney, of Springfield, Mass., and Messrs. Edwards and Duprinse, of this city. The latter gentleman declined the honor, however, and substituted Mr. E. T. Erbert, of this city. The judges, in company of a number of friends, left town on the evening of the 13th inst., to be present at the match.

YANKEE SKATISTS IN GERMANY.

We Yankee residents of Bonn have had the opportunity of a good American skate, and, of course, have been making the most of it, says a correspondent of the New York *Mail*, and adds that "from Jan. 19th we had a week of capital weather for the sport, the ice being very hard. Conditors filled up their ice houses with ice three inches thick, much to their delight. In the immediate vicinity of Bonn we have two ponds—one a mill-dam, the other the basin for a private fountain. Neither of these are large, but they were better than nothing. This year an extra skating place was added to our list—an overflowed meadow; but alas! the water underneath vanished, and we enjoyed but a hilly skate. It was composed of three flats and the connection between was made by going down or up an icy incline six or eight feet high. Fun it was, especially for the girls—the Bonnites had to help, or rather drag, the Bonnettes up, as best they might. But Bruehl is the great skating pond for Bonn, distant about seven miles by railroad. It is fed by an old castle moat, and is, perhaps, two acres in extent. There all who wish to enjoy themselves go; mostly gentlemen, for it is not quite proper for young ladies to skate, though a good many of the English girls are a law unto themselves. What would skating be without the fair ones? If the good skaters of Bonn showed themselves, it is my impression that they would, the best of them, be considered a dog 'in' skaters at home. No one attempted even "the grapevine," and if some adept were to come here, he would make those Germans appreciate the art. But the skating is ever now, warm weather, too warm, has set in, and flowers and budding trees are not far off."

BOSTON SKATING CLUB.—At a stated meeting of this club, held last week, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Capt. Francis W. Welch; Vice Presidents, W. W. Wheildon, Russell Sturgis, Jr., J. L. Stone, W. F. Van Nostrand; Directors, Col. F. W. Palfrey, Col. E. C. Cabot, Chas. R. Byram, A. T. S. Anthony, A. P. Calder, W. P. Davis, F. H. Sumner, Henry O. Prait, Francis H. Peabody, N. P. Hamlin, Jr., J. F. Ryan, Clement Herschel; Treasurer, Col. Charles E. Fuller; Cor. Secretary, Wm. G. Preston; Recording Secretary, James E. Nason.

PRESENTATION TO A PROFESSIONAL SKATER.—Mr. George C. Lafayette, the Canadian, who has been skating at the Boston Rink for several weeks, was the recipient of a gold medal on the evening of the 9th. It is of solid gold, in the form of a Maltese cross, with a gold stake raised in the centre, and in the circle surrounding the inside, the words:—"Champion Skater of Canada." On the reverse side is the following, handsomely engraved:—"Presented to Geo. C. Lafayette, by his friends of the Boston Skating Rink." The whole is suspended by a broad gold chain and makes an elegant testimonial. It cost $100.

THE RINKS AND PONDS.—The mild weather terminated the sport in this vicinity on the 10th inst. There is still a little ice left, but it cannot stand the warm rays of the sun very long. The Empire City Rink's folks are laying down a floor now, and the building will be used as a poultry show in a week or two. The Jersey City Rink offered skating up till the 12th. At the Brooklyn rink great preparations were made for a fancy dress carnival on the 10th, but the weather turned out too mild.

TRAGEDY IN A RINK.—In a previous issue of the CLIPPER we stated that on the 3d inst., at the rink in Quebec, Ensign Whitaker, of the Fifty-third Regiment, was shot by a young lad named Chaloner. Whitaker was a handsome fellow, and having seduced the sister of Chaloner, the latter walked boldly up to him, as he was leaving the rink, and shot him, saying, as he did so, "you know what this is for!" Whitaker lingered till the 10th, when he expired.

LADIES' MATCH.—On the evening of the 9th inst., the Boston Rink was the scene of an interesting contest between Mrs. C. A. Hunt and Miss F. I. Hathaway. The first prize—a solid gold medal in the form of a Maltese cross, with a raised skate in the centre—was won by Mrs. Hunt. The second prize, of course, fell to Miss Hathaway—a gold medal in the form of a Maltese cross, with a tiny skate in the centre.

THE MEDAL MATCH.—The proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Pond attempted to pull off his $50 medal match on the 8th. Engeer, St. Glair, Brady and Dollard were on hand, but the warm weather necessitated another postponement, and it is highly probable that the medal will be held till another season.

RETURN OF PARM JOHNSON.—This noted Brooklyn expert has returned from his foreign tour. In Paris, on the Bois Bologne, he gave the Emperor and Empress a taste of his qualities, and was honored by an introduction.

THE AMERICAN SKATING CONGRESS.—A meeting of this body was held at Congress Hall, Rochester, on the 15th inst.

BILLIARDS.

MATCH FOR $250 A SIDE BETWEEN J. W. CRONN AND CYRILLE DION.—J. W. Cronn, who, about two years ago, was defeated in Quebec by that rattling left-hander, Cyrille Dion, has again encountered him, and a second time been placed *hors du combat*. On the 2d inst., at Belleville, Canada, they played 1,500 points, push shot barred, on a second-size four-pocket Standard American table, for $250 in gold a side. The match was played in Neilson's Hall, Cronn furnishing the table and Dion bringing with him the cloth. W. Jakes, of Cobourg, was referee, F. Crawford acting as umpire for Cronn, and W. Phillips for Dion. The game began at 8.40 P. M., Cronn gaining the lead. There was scarcely any betting, the *cognoscenti* of Belleville being rather doubtful, although naturally preferring to back Cronn. From the commencement it was very apparent that Dion was the stronger player. Cronn began with a shot for place down the table, Dion following with a couple of twos. The second innings Cyrille put in a good 40, going into the pocket for a *finale*. Nothing particular so to scoring was done up to about half-past nine. The game then stood—Dion, 271; Cronn, 236. At the 13th innings Cyrille, after a good run of 52, went to grief in the left upper pocket. At the 39th Cronn, after three or four regular smashing shots, got the balls together and counted 101. The game then stood—Dion, 436; Cronn, 491. Dion, however, settled himself to work, and very soon was over four hundred ahead—his scores from the 57th to the 63d innings inclusive amounting to 442. At 11.15 the score was—Dion, 1,019; Cronn, 657. During the 70th Innings Cyrille, after a run of 25, failed to score in consequence of his ball turning off on the centre spot. At 12:05 Dion closed the game with a run of 31. The time was three hours and twenty-five minutes, and the average of the winner about 18. Dion's best three runs were 125, 112 and 102, and Cronn's 101, 60 and 15. The latter was beaten by 548. A return game is to be played in Montreal.

EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA.—The opening of James Palmer's rooms on Chestnut street gave rise to a series of interesting games between Messrs. Nelms, Hewes, Rockhill and the proprietor. Here is the score of a push-barred game of 400 points, played by Nelms and Palmer, and won by the latter:—

Nelms.—59, 0, 61, 13, 5, 27, 16, 0, 9, 9, 9, 63, 0, 6, 0, 17, 0, 29, 43. Total, 360. Average, 20.

Palmer.—0, 73, 107, 0, 0, 92, 0, 0, 0, 0, 17, 22, 36, 0, 0, 6, 7, 0, 41. Total, 400. Average, 22½.

In a French carom game of 65 points, Hewes defeated Nelms by the subjoined score:—

Hewes.—1, 1, 0, 1, 3, 3, 1, 2, 6, 0, 2, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1, 0, 1, 3, 0, 1, 0, 5, 5, 0, 2, 1, 5, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 1, 7, 5, 2. Total, 65. Average, 1¹⁶⁄₂₅.

Nelms.—1, 1, 7, 1, 1, 0, 1, 1, 1, 0, 0, 2, 0, 0, 0, 1, 2, 0, 2, 0, 2, 5, 2, 0, 8, 1, 0, 4, 1, 3, 5, 2, 1, 0, 0, 0. Total, 57. Average, 1⅗.

As a wind-up, Rockhill and Nelms played a four ball game, which Nelms won, going out on a run of 109. Rockhill made a run of 72.

REMARKABLE DISCOUNT GAMES.—On the 9th inst., for stamps, Melvin Foster agreed to discount Michael Phelan in a game of 1,000 points, no push. How well he succeeded the score below tells:—

Foster—0, 13, 4, 0, 130, 12, 2, 225, 37, 297, 171, 11, 5, 2, 62, 102, 122, 29. Total, 1,224. Average, 68.

Phelan—16, 2, 11, 15, 6, 13, 16, 28, 16, 25, 20, 14, 9, 0, 8, 26, 16. Total, 241. Average, 14½.

On the 12th inst. Foster gave Wm. Wicks the same odds, playing for two pounds. The runs made were as follows:—

Wicks—2, 14, 3, 20, 12, 39, 0, 10, 3, 47, 37, 0, 0, 45, 3, 10. Total, 245. Average, 15⅓.

Foster—0, 24, 0, 39, 145, 2, 82, 72, 65, 181, 3, 3, 93, 2, 444, 76. Total, 1,231. Average, 77.

On the following day Foster discounted Phelan in two French games of 100 points up. In the first game, in the closing run of which Foster knocked the leather off his cue, Phelan made but 16 points to his opponent's 116. The winner's chief runs were 31 and 19. In the second game Foster made but 109 to Phelan's 100. Consequently, the latter, who made runs of 14, 10 and 9, was victorious.

BILLIARDS IN COLLEGES.—The faculty of Knox College, Illinois, have had a meeting to discuss billiards. It had come to the knowledge of the president and faculty, that there was a billiard club among the students. President Gulliver said he saw no more harm in a game of billiards than of hand or foot ball, so long as it was kept separate from drinking, betting or gambling of any kind. He would call, however, on the officers of the club for a copy of their by-laws, and if they specified that the game was entirely one of amusement, and free from the practice of any of these vices, he thought they could find no fault with them in the present instance.

BILLIARD HALL IN ST. LOUIS.—Our readers will find in this issue an advertisement of a fine billiard hall in St. Louis for sale. We are informed that the hall is well known in that city. Parties wishing to secure such a chance to make money should communicate with the agents, Messrs. Martin & Howard, and get particulars. An old and popular billiard hall and bar-room is usually a safe investment in any large city.

THE DION-FOSTER MATCH.—It has been suggested to increase to 2,000 the number of points in the forthcoming push-barred game between Dion and Foster, and count *three* for each carom, irrespective of the color of the balls. The player then making most caroms must win, whereas under the present system of counting it is quite possible for that player to win who makes the fewest. The suggestion comes from Foster. It is a good one, but we have no great faith in its being adopted in the match.

THE LARGEST BILLIARD ROOM ON THE CONTINENT.—S. R. Samuells, who has already fifteen of Phelan & Collender's tables in his establishment in Brooklyn, has ordered nineteen more. These tables added will make the room the largest now opened on this continent, if indeed anywhere. At the corner of Broadway and Tenth street Phelan had twenty-nine tables, or five less than Samuells intends to have.

BRAISTED AND FOSTER TO PLAY AGAIN.—These players are to "fight their battle o'er again," Foster agreeing to give Braisted the odds of 150 in 300 at the French game, for $50 a side. They will play on the afternoon of the 17th inst. The terms are the same as those under which Foster was defeated three weeks ago.

A BILLIARD SOIREE is announced to take place at Carpenter's saloon, Morrisania, N. Y., on the evening of the 16th inst., at which Messrs. Deery, Braisted, Sweet, and other experts will illustrate the game scientifically by various diagrams. O. C.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—The winner (whoever he may be) of the forthcoming tournament for the championship of the push-barred game has been challenged by one of the players already entered. He may himself be the winner, and in that case it is not likely he will have to wait long for an opponent.

CRONN MATCHED WITH JAKES.—A match has been made between William Jakes, of Cobourg, and Cronn, for $250 a side, to be played at Toronto within fifty days of date of signing articles, which event transpired on the 2d inst.

BASE BALL.

THE CINCINNATI CLUB VS. JOHN HATFIELD.

Annexed is a copy of the charges and specifications preferred against John V. B. Hatfield before the Cincinnati Base Ball Club, as sent for publication in the CLIPPER by the club:—

Charge 1.—Violation of contract. Specification 1st.—That John V. B. Hatfield, on the 23d day of January, 1869, did make and enter into a contract with the Cincinnati Base Ball Club to play base ball with and for said club and no other from the 11th day of March, 1869, to the 15th day of November, 1869, and that the said Hatfield did violate the said contract, by joining and agreeing to play base ball with another club, during said period, in violation of said contract and against the wishes and commands of said club, to the said Hatfield well known, and that up to the 12th day of March, 1869, said Hatfield has not reported to said club for orders, in compliance with his said contract, nor has he at any time explained said absence.

Specification 2d.—That on the 23d day of January, 1869, said John V. B. Hatfield left the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, without the consent, knowledge or permission of any officer of said Cincinnati Club, when he, the said Hatfield, had contracted with said club to remain in said city and subject to the orders of said club, from the 11th day of March, 1868, to the 10th day of March, 1869, and that at no time since January 23d has said Hatfield reported himself for duty or orders, or accounted for his absence.

Charge 2.—Dishonesty and ungentlemanly conduct.—Specification 1st.—That said John V. B. Hatfield, being guaranteed by the said Cincinnati Club a salary of fifteen hundred dollars for the year commencing on the 11th day of March, 1868, and ending on the 10th day of March, 1869, provided he rendered services to said club, and held himself subject to its orders during the whole of said period, did draw on said salary the sum of thirteen hundred and eighty-nine (80-100) being an excess of ninety-two dollars on the salary due him on January 23d, on which day he absconded from Cincinnati, and did leave the service of said club, contrary to the orders received by him and in violation of said contract, and that said sum of ninety-two dollars has not been repaid by said Hatfield, or by any one for him, and that to the 11th day of March, 1869, the said Hatfield has neither reported to said club or explained his absence and over-draft.

Specification 2d.—That said John V. B. Hatfield, being intrusted by the said Cincinnati club with certain season tickets of admission to the "Union Skating Pond," for the purpose of selling the same, and which pond is under the control of said Cincinnati club, did sell said tickets to the amount of twenty-four 50-100 dollars, and instead of paying over said sum to the proper officers of said club, he, the said Hatfield, did convert and appropriate the same to his own use and benefit, thereby defrauding said club of its just dues and moneys; and that he, the said Hatfield, did attempt to deceive and defraud said club by giving a written order for said amount above named upon a party whom, the said Hatfield knew, owed him, and who had no funds belonging to said Hatfield in his possession, and that said amount and order remain unpaid March 12th, 1869, and that said fraudulent action has never been explained by said Hatfield.

Specification 3d.—That said John V. B. Hatfield, during the time he was a member of said Cincinnati Club and a resident of the city of Cincinnati, being between the 11th day of March, 1868, and the 22d day of January, 1869, did upon the credit of his connection with said club, did at sundry and divers times borrow from a certain fellow member of said club the sum of seventy-five dollars, and that the said sum has never been repaid; but, instead thereof, said Hatfield did in payment of this and other money received from said fellow member, draw up, sign and give to said member an order for the sum of one hundred dollars upon the President of the Finance Committee of said club (dated the 22d day of January, 1869), the said Hatfield absconded from said city of Cincinnati), which order was false and fraudulent, as he, the said Hatfield, well knew when he gave the same. Further, that the said Hatfield had no money whatever due him from said President or said club, but that on the contrary on said January 22d, 1869, he, the said Hatfield, was indebted to said club, as he well knew. Further, that said Hatfield has made no explanation or settlement of said fraudulent transaction up to March 11th, 1869.

Specification 4th.—That the said John V. B. Hatfield, upon the same grounds and credits of membership of said Cincinnati Club referred to in the preceding specification (No. 3) did about the middle of December, 1868, call upon and ask the fellow member of said club, heretofore referred to, to cash a certain legitimate order from the President of said club on the financial officers thereof for the sum of twenty-five dollars, which order was in full confidence duly cashed by said member, and the full amount of said order received from him by said Hatfield. Further, that since the 23d day of December, 1868, said member, residing a long distance from the place of business of said financial officers, did deliver said order to said Hatfield with the request that he would present and draw the money for the same, and pay it over to said member, and that said Hatfield did present said order and collect the amount of twenty-five dollars thereon, but instead of paying the said sum to said member said Hatfield did convert and appropriate the whole of the same to his own use. Further, that no explanation or settlement of the aforesaid fraudulent transaction has been made by the said Hatfield up to March 11th, 1869, nor has any part of said sum been paid.

Specification 5th.—That the said John V. B. Hatfield, during the time he was a member of said club, upon the salary received therefrom, and upon the credit obtained by such membership, did obtain from a jewelry house in Cincinnati, Ohio, a certain diamond breastpin, agreeing to pay for the same from the wages received for services to be rendered to said club before the month of February, 1869; but that the said Hatfield did, on January 22d, 1869, abscond from said city without paying for said pin according to agreement, and owing said firm thereon the sum of eighty-five dollars, which sum remains unpaid March 11th, 1869, up to which date no explanation or settlement of said transaction has been made by said Hatfield, by all of which actions said Hatfield brought great discredit on said Cincinnati Club.

Specification 6th.—That the said John V. B. Hatfield, while a member of said Cincinnati club, and upon the credit obtained by said membership, and upon the salary to be derived from said club for services to be rendered it, did incur debts for board amounting to the sum of forty-five dollars, and did incur numerous other debts to various parties, the exact amounts of which are unknown; and that the said Hatfield did, on January 22d, 1869, abscond from said city without paying the same; and up to March 11th, 1869, no settlement or promise of settlement of said debts has been made. Further, that had not the said Hatfield broken and terminated his first contract with said Cincinnati Club, on the 22d day of January, 1869, by leaving the service of said club and the city of Cincinnati without permission, and in direct violation of said contract with and orders received from said club, sufficient unpaid salary would not have accrued to him on March 10th, 1869, at which time his first contract would have terminated with said club to have paid the false and fraudulent orders issued by him in payment of his just debts prior to January 22d, 1869. Further, that the said Hatfield has been guilty of many ungentlemanly, dishonest and dishonorable actions while a member of said Cincinnati club, and but recently discovered, thereby inflicting injury and discredit upon it.

AARON B. CHAMPION,
HUNTER BROOKE,
CHARLES RAMMELSBERG. } Committee.
JNO. P. JOHNSON, Sec. Cincinnati B. B. Club.

A true copy.

BASE BALL ON SKATES.

On the 5th inst., at Westfield, Mass., the Woronocos (champion juniors of Western Massachusetts), defeated a Picked Nine by the subjoined score:—

WORONOCO.	H'L.	R.	PICKED NINE.	H'L.	R.
Gladwin, 1st b.	3	4	Joslyn, 2d b.	3	2
Allen, p.	3	4	Kegler, c.	3	1
Snow, 3.	3	3	Judd, 1st b.	4	2
Murdock, s s.	4	3	Pratt, p.	4	1
Hathaway, c f.	3	3	Warner, 3d b.	3	2
Williams, l f.	3	2	Pitt, s s.	3	1
Gillett, 3d b.	3	3	Sanbarger, l f.	2	1
Fowler, 2d b.	3	3	Reilly, c f.	5	1
Sayder, r f.	3	2	Knapp, r f.	2	1
Total.	27		Total.	14	

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Woronocos.	6	0	2	0	0	8	5	0	1	—27
Picked Nine.	2	2	0	0	4	2	0	2	2	—14

Umpire—F. Crane. Scorers—W. T. Fowler and J. Dudley. Time of Game—2.25.

DEFEAT OF THE THESPIANS.

A match game was played on the 6th instant between the Southern Club of New Orleans, and the Dramatic Club, of Mobile, Ala., which resulted in the defeat of the latter by the following score:—

SOUTHERN.	R.	DRAMATIC.	R.
Buddendorf, s s.	10	Brady, p.	5
Holtzman, r f.	12	Collett, s s.	2
Fay, 1st b.	7	Hurley, s s.	4
Kearns, l f.	9	Bayles, 1st b.	1
Rozani, 3d b.	7	Lardner, 2d b.	0
Chandler, c f.	9	McWaters, 3d b.	3
Scott, 2d b.	9	Abrams, l f.	3
Ryan, p.	9	West, c f.	3
Larkin, c.	10	McVoy, r f.	1
Total.	82	Total.	21

Umpire—D. Dunn. Scorers—R. E. Warren and E. L. Gaubel. Time of game—Two hours and forty minutes.

BASE BALLISTS AS VELOCIPEDESTRIANS.—The velocipede excitement, which now pervades all classes in our midst, has not taken a greater hold on any one class of our fellow citizens than it has on the ballists. This is especially the case in Brooklyn, where the halls for learning the new-fangled motor are more numerous than they are in this city. Here, Jewell, of the Stars; D. Chauncey, of the Excelsiors; and Hudson, of the Mohawks, are all expert riders, while the "wabblers" are very numerous. The excitement has even reached the ball fields, and the proprietors of the Union and Capitoline grounds are making preparations for laying tracks whereon speed can be attained which it is impossible to make on the streets, or even in the parks. They have already converted their roomy buildings into riding rooms, which are well patronized. When their out-door courses are completed, we may look for exciting times, the one at the Union Ground will be 30 feet wide by 1,000 feet in length. It will be circular in form. The lower end of the field has been selected as the site of the new track, and, as this will be out of the reach of the ballists when a game is going on, open air riding is destined to become exceedingly popular.

ENDEAVOR CLUB.—This metropolitan club held its annual meeting on the evening of the 9th inst., and elected the following officers for the twelvemonth ensuing:—President, John J. Blair (re-elected); Vice President, W. W. Kane; Secretary, Chas. H. Gill; Treasurer, B. C. Riley; Directors, E. P. Leroy, A. H. Houghton and C. Lambert. The club has organized a strong amateur nine, including W. J. McCarthy, an excellent catcher, who will also be one of the quartet now being formed by the club.

CLUB ELECTION.—The excelsior Club of Jackson, Mich., have reorganized for the coming season and elected the following officers:—President, F. Eggleston; Vice President, David G. Oppenheim; Corresponding Secretary, Zarah Tomlinson; Recording Secretary, Hugh Smith; Treasurer, William Nickel; Directors, David G. Oppenheim, Eli Clement, James McGrath.

A BLUFF GAME AT BLUFF—GAMBLERS IN COURT.—The poker case of Hart vs. Corlies, of the Manhattan Club of this city, was brought up in the Court of Common Pleas on the 9th inst., when on a motion to set aside a judgment taken by default for irregularity, Judge Barrett delivered an opinion and granted the motion. Hart sued Corlies for $1,500, $800 of which was alleged to be borrowed money, and $700 won at "poker" at the Manhattan Club; and on Corlies' omission to answer an order of Court, judgment was taken by default. In rendering a decision Judge Barrett said:—"The plaintiff has just kept within the law; but such practice must be discountenanced. The failure to return the order extending the time to answer, or to notify the defendant that it was disregarded, its retention for full twelve days, and the sudden entry of judgment without noticing the costs for adjustment, all indicate an intent to take an undue advantage of what was evidently well known to be a mere oversight, and one, too, of the most trifling description. The disapprobation of the Court will be practically expressed, and the uselessness of such practice directly felt, by opening the judgment without imposing the usual terms. Defendant's motion granted. The counsel in this case were Messrs. J. D. Robertson and J. Solis Ritterband.

PEDESTRIANISM.

BICYCLE COMPETITION IN THE MODERN ATHENS.—A velocipede exhibition was the attraction at the Hall, 334 Washington street, Boston, Mass., on the evening of the 12th inst., when a valuable gold watch was offered to the rider who would consume the greatest amount of time in making one circuit of the hall, a distance of 170 feet. There were seventeen entries, and the conditions were that each of the contestants should have two trials, provided he fell on the first attempt, touching the floor with a foot was to be considered "foul." The race was won by Mr. Charles Taylor, who had two entries. His time on the first trial was 1:38¾; the second 2:02½. His control over the machine was remarkable, literally creeping round the hall at a snail like pace, without a stumble on either trial. He was received with applause, and at the conclusion of the race was awarded the prize. On the same evening another race took place at the saloon, No. 121 Haverhill street, the proprietors offering an eight ounce silver cup to the most rapid rider. There was six contestants over the half mile course, and each had his friends present to witness his performance and urge him on. Before the race was finished, which required the circuit to be made sixteen times, there was quite an excitement. The following is a list of the competitors, with time made by each:—Joseph Dexter, 2 minutes and 40 seconds; W. Hoyt, 2:45; C. Taylor, 2:51; A. Buffum, 2:58; W. C. Freshett, 2:47, and J. McGregor, 3 minutes, and Mr. Dexter was awarded the prize.

JUMPING MATCH.—About three thousand persons gathered at the Victoria Grounds, Leeds, Eng., on the 27th ult., to witness a match at run, five hops and jump, for £25 a side, between J. Neray and J. Yates. The latter stands 5ft 8in, weighs 140 lbs., and is 21 years of age. Having won several matches at Halifax he was matched against his present opponent. Neary, who is in his twentieth year, stands 5 ft 7¾in, and weighs 117 lbs., has gained great repute from having defeated J. Naylor (*alias* Parker) of Woodhouse near Leeds, on July 4, 1868, at 10 stand hops and jump for £10 a side. Neary being in receipt of 12 inches start, clearing 41 yards and a half with the 12 inches given, defeating Parker (who was the champion in this locality) by two yards and two feet. Neary went first, Yates then followed and cut his adversary's mark by about five feet. Neary then tried, but failed to get to Yates's mark by about four feet. In another attempt he only exceeded his own mark by a few inches. Yates was thus declared the winner. Owing to the presence of the crowd in the course, caused by the breaking down of the rails, the distance could not be accurately measured, but from the most reliable source it was computed at 27 yds 0 in. C. Garnett was stakeholder, and H. Harrison referee.

VELOCIPEDESTRIANISM IN BUFFALO.—A very large audience assembled at the New Armory, on North William street, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 9th inst., to witness the velocipede contest for a number of prizes. Gen. C. N. Otis and Col. George M. Baker were elected judges, and Charles McCray was chosen as referee. Six velocipedists entered, not knowing what was required, they evidently supposed it was a question of speed, as the following time of each shows:—F. Husted, 1:45; G. D. Greenwood, 1:43; E. L. Anthony, 1:56; E. A. Parker, 1:47; W. T. Parsons, 2:08; C. O'Brien, 2:34. Next came graceful movements, including slow riding, one foot on rest, both feet on rest, figure 8, serpentine movement, one hand on tiller, no hands on tiller, side-saddles, standing in saddle, vaulting into saddle on a free run and sideways on a run. The contestants were the gentlemen before named. Mr. Greenwood was awarded the first prize, a silver cake basket; Mr. Husted was the recipient of two silver lined goblets, for ease and grace in figure riding. Pinkham and Hartoon's Rink, in the arcade, is thronged day and night with eager aspirants for

MY FIRST AND LAST AND ONLY LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

For many a year I wandered on
In the wide world, 'mid men, alone;
No loving heart did throb for me
Or beat responsive to mine own.

For I was bashful, and besides
Fastidious in my youthful taste;
Some were too short and some too tall,
And some too large about the waist.

Some were too sour and some too sweet,
Some were too old and some too young;
Landladies smiled their sweetest smiles,
And sweetly, too, their daughters sung.

From wiles like these thus set for me
I wildly ran away full oft;
The tones of some were coarse and loud,
And others far too mild and soft.

I never saw a maid that I
Could quite make up my mind to mate
For reasons stated heretofore,
And others that I need not state.

And so for years I wandered on,
As lonesome as a man could be;
No loving wife my pleasures shared,
Or wailed, anxiously, for me.

Thus was it till, O, rueful hour!
One very pleasant summer day
I chanced to pass a little shop,
A small cigar store on Broadway.

And there I saw a charming girl,
With lips that were like cherries ripe,
Standing behind the counter, and
A polishing a meerschaum pipe.

Her eyes were like two sister stars;
Her cheeks—ah! change your color, rose!
Brunette—the fairy came, I thought,
From Cuba, where tobacco grows.

Her neck!—retire ye swans—get out!
Her —— what's the use for me to tell
The charms that held me captivate,
That I remember, ah! so well.

And was it she whom Fate decreed
That I, at last, should make my wife?
How could I speak to her? Alas!
I never smoked in all my life.

That did not matter, urged by Love,
Blessing'r onse my lucky stars,
I entered and I bought a bunch
Of highly flavored Partagas.

If, looking through the pane, I thought
Her face and form so very fair,
What can I say I thought then, as
I watched them as I waited there?

The beauty of a thousand flowers
Seemed gathered in her lovely face:
Her movements—like a Royal Queen—
Her very step was full of grace!

I do not know the price I paid;
I only knew I paid and went;
Her "thank you" thrilled my very soul,
I do not care how much I spent!

I well remember how that I
In solitude that very night,
Taking a smooth-leaved partagas,
Proceeded the wrong end to light.

'Twas Love impelled me—I essayed
To take my first, my virgin smoke;
I'd heard that some men smoke and dream,
But from my dream soon I awoke.

For what was that that ailed my head?
What made the air so close and thick,
And I so pale, so weak and faint,
And O, so horrid, horrid sick?

I persevered, and many a night
I smoked and dreamed in quiet ease
That she, O, joy, was Mrs. B.,
And we had several little B's.

O, happy hours! O, rosy dreams!
How sweet, how very sweet you were;
I used to sit and smoke and dream,
And dream and smoke and dream of her.

O, golden moments when up town
At evening hour I used to walk,
And in the little shop with her
I used to stop, and stop and talk

Of partagas, of conchas, and
Regalias, also London size;
Talking, and watching anxiously
The while her captivating eyes,

Of meerschaums, briar-wood, and all
The various kinds of pipes and such;
Of everything but Love, and O,
That subject I could never touch.

I was so bashful—yet I thought
(How true it was I cannot say)
She watched my coming, and grew sad
When'e'er I turned to go away.

Ah! what a sweet, magnetic thrill,
When I, by chance, would touch her hand;
And O, the music of her voice
Was far ahead of Dodworth's Band!

I am ashamed to say how much
For choice cigars to her I paid;
I am ashamed when'e'r I think
What havoc with my nerves they played.

One day I ascertained the size
Of gloves that angel used to wear,
And then, of Alexandre's best,
I sent to her a dozen pair;

And choice boquets, the very best,
And in some seasons they were high,
Sweet Flora's choicest off rings
I used for her to freely buy,

And send, anonymous, of course,
These and a hundred other things;
I would have bought and paid for, cash,
The costliest of engagement rings!

I used to dream of her by night,
I used to think of her by day;
I used to make such wild mistakes
My boss swore he'd turn me away!

I had a friend named William Jenks;
To him my secret did confide;
I took him to that little shop
To show to him my future bride.

He was a spindle-legged youth—
They looked as if they'd break apart—
And yet he was a poet, and
He had a very loving heart.

And Jenks confessed to me that night—
I see the hardened villain yet,
In all of his eventful life
He'd never such an angel met.

He poured congratulations in
My ear; said things of rosy hue;
And only begged when we were wed
He might invited be thereto.

I pressed his hand and told him that,
When she a happy bride should go,
He should be there; I little thought
What made the miscreant snicker so!

A year went by—it did not seem
To be much longer than a week;
And I, at last, resolved one day
To her of my deep love to speak.

I dressed me in my very best,
I put a rose-bud in my coat;
My pants were very, very tight—
I poured some whiskey down my throat.

I practiced quite a little speech—
I had the thing completely planned—
Even the very tone of voice
In which I'd offer her my hand.

I hied me to the store; went in
With confidence and careless air;
A dark-browed man was selling snuff—
My angel! ah! she was not there!

I asked in anxious, trembling tones,
And felt like sinking through the floor—
Where was she? and the man replied—
"O, she won't be here any more!"

No more! I hear that husky voice!
E'en now it fills my ear, methinks;
"Last night," he said, and hit his pipe,
"She married that 'ere spooney, Jenks!"

I know I stamped, I yelled, I howled!
I know I felt his iron gripe
Upon my throat, and I came to
Under the Croton waterspout!

No more! No more! O gloves, boquets,
O greenbacks that I had shelled out!
What a fruition of my hopes!
In one short moment what a rout!

So, many a year I wandered on
In the wide world, 'mid men, alone;
No loving heart did throb for me,
Or beat responsive to mine own.

It was a dreadful shock to me—!
And O, my tender heart it broke,
The fondest dream I ever had
Had ended—and, alas! in smoke! J. H. B.

A Fragment from an Unpublished Novel.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HAMILTON.

They were smoking their meerschaums quietly in the small hours of the night, when the Grand Owl broke silence.

"Let us agree," said he, "to give a hat a piece to the one that puts up the most abominable thing."

And they agreed.

Silently, the smoke curled upward for full five minutes, then Jones spoke, diffidently, for he was a young man, and not yet hardened in iniquity.

"My humble effort," said he, "is *three* grammatical errors in five words:—'*Him* and *me* is going.'"

"Very good," said Johnson, patronizingly, "v-e-r-y good. But can any of you tell me what nursery song a small man resembles when he's looking thro' the crack of the door at his sweetheart? You mustn't say of you try for the hats, because the answer is

"'*Little* BEAU *Peep*.'"

A howl of indignation pervaded the room as he finished.

Yet Smith observed, in an animated and confident manner:—

"I can beat *that* with one hand tied behind me. I offer a charade."

Thereupon he stroked Jones' knee energetically, and then gave a war whoop.

The company fell back horrified and fainting as he uttered the solution—"A Paw *Knee* Indian."

A proposition to expel him ignominiously was interrupted by the rising of

THE GRAND OWL.

"Gentlemen," said he solemnly, "the hats are mine. I illustrate Mrs. Hemans' poem of 'The Bended Bow.' Smith is kissing Miss Thompson's window, when I hit him in the centre of his system with a brick, and he progresses, doubled up and swearing—

"'*And the bended* BEAU *and the* VOICE *passed on*'"

And he took three hats.

THE GRAND CHINGCHANGAROA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY "THE JUVENILE."

"Well, Major, how are we off for funds?"

"Nary a red; flat broke, Colonel, past hope of redemption."

"That's bad," responded the elder of the two speakers, habited in a dust covered semi-military species of costume, a dark blue coat, from which several of the buttons had disappeared, pantaloons of the same hue, seemingly not brushed for a month, as he laid down a huge sombrero upon the table of a country bar-room, "and both of us uncommon dry."

"That's so," rejoined his comrade, sporting the same style of habiliments with the exception that his head was covered with a slightly damaged glazed cap, "but it can't be helped."

"I won't do to starve in the midst of plenty, Major," and the Colonel cast his eye around upon the row of black bottles gracing the bar, while the landlord bestowed sundry suspicious glances upon the two travelers, whose only baggage appeared to be a couple of army haversacks not over bulky "something must be done. How about cheek?"

"Played out in this lovely spot, I should say," answered the younger voyager, as his keen black eyes encountered the inquisitive glance of the landlord; then he continued in a whisper, "that fellow has added us both up and set down sum total—nothing."

"Oh, I'll fix him, if we only had something to start on," remarked the colonel with nonchalance, "just search that pocket again."

"Anything to oblige you, Colonel, but it's no go," and forthwith the subordinate commenced fumbling in every part of his garment, when suddenly his eyes glistened, as he whispered in a confidential tone of voice, "something, by jingo!"

"Fish it out if its coin, that's a good fellow," quoth the colonel.

The major uttered an exclamation of joy as his fingers, inserted into a hole in the lining of his coat, drew forth a resplendent Mexican dollar, which had worked its way unsuspiciously in an obscure portion of that garment and thus had evaded his prior scrutiny. Then, tossing the coin from hand to hand several times, the happy possessor of the newly found treasure suffered it to ring upon the table with a sound most musical to the ears of both interested spectators.

"'Taint bogus!" enquired the Colonel nervously.

"Sound as a dollar," responded the Major confidently, "good as wheat; but say, Colonel, what's best to be done with it?"

"Plant it, of course," rejoined the elder dignitary, as a smile illuminated his round, good natured face, for, despite his shabby appearance and his bronzed features, his person and manner betokened a good, social training, "plant it, of course, my dear fellow, and, like sowing the dragon's teeth, in ancient fable, you'll see what a jolly crop will spring from it. Don't you see, Major?"

The Major endeavored so to do by opening his eyes wide and gazing first upon the glittering coin and then upon the blackened ceiling of the bar room, upon which an attempt at ornamentation had been made by pasting divers colored cuts of animals, clipped from the bill of some perambulating menagerie. Finally, he gave up the job in despair and frankly owned up that he would see nothing save a single coin, which he was well aware would be shortly cut into pieces.

"Then leave it to me," resumed the Colonel, smiling at his comrade's embarrassment, "but first let's invest a quarter."

"Drinks, landlord!" demanded the Major, fully comprehending the meaning of this command, "and let them be stiff."

"The stiffer the better," added the Colonel with a martial accent. It is needless to say that the landlord, who had watched his customers' movements, hastened rapidly to comply with any command which might lead to the transferring of the tempting coin from the table into his own coffers. So the drinks were forthcoming instantly.

"You look like an honest fellow," remarked the Colonel condescendingly to mine host, who grinningly acknowledged the compliment, while the Major, habituated as he was to his superior's impudence, could, with difficulty, restrain an ebullition of amazement at the Colonel's total lack of physiognomical judgment.

"You've got a show room in this town?" continued the Colonel, as he sipped his liquor with a business like solemnity

"To be sure, not forty rods off," responded Boniface eagerly, "and what's more, it's the best room in town and it belongs to me."

"Then your fortune's made, I tell you," quoth the Colonel, with the profundity of an oracle, "and we will take another drink on the strength of it. You've hit the golden hour of your whole life."

The heart of the Major smote him as he witnessed the second inroad upon their financial capital, but the eyes of the Colonel sparkled merrily as he reiterated his enigmatical remark. "We must plant it, Major," adding, confidentially, "it's taken root already."

The two travelers, now ensconced within the bar-room of the Eagle Hotel, in one of the minor towns of Pennsylvania, chanced to be a couple of disbanded adventurers attached to a disastrous filibuster expedition, attempting an apparently fruitless task to regain, poverty-stricken, yet not disheartened, the city on the Atlantic seaboard, wherein they had previously filled lucrative positions. The elder of the two, a robust man of about forty, had been formerly a lawyer in excellent practice, when, seduced by the cravings of adventurous ambition, he had embarked upon an unfortunate career after glory, terminating in a narrow escape from capture, imprisonment, and perchance death.

The younger, a bright eyed, fair-complexioned youth of some twenty odd years, had, like his companion, been inveigled into a snare, whence he had semi-miraculously emerged. Being somewhat of an artist, a few chance jobs had thus far enabled him to accumulate sufficient funds to sustain the two in necessary expenses, but as they neared their destination, he found himself deprived of even that precarious reliance.

"I've got an idea," quoth the Colonel to his friend immediately after the landlord was out of hearing, "and we'll be flush without fail."

"What is it?" inquired the Major, looking dubiously on the table whence had disappeared the glittering coin, and in its stead lay a commingled mass of small change and copper coinage.

"The Grand Chingchangarora!" said the Colonel, solemnly, "it will prove the greatest thing out, you can bet your life on it."

"The Grand Ching—what?" exclaimed his auditor in undisguised astonishment at hearing this polysyllabic invention.

The return of the landlord cut off any more definite explanation as to the merits of the grand idea at that precise juncture.

"You don't know who we are, my friend?" blandly inquired the Colonel, as he motioned the landlord to assume a seat by the table.

"How can I when I never saw you before," replied mine host.

"But the worm at large has heard of our names," said the Colonel, as he smote the breast of his dilapidated coat with a theatrical action.

"Do tell!" ejaculated the landlord incredulously.

"We are, sir, distinguished officers of the Mexican army," quoth the colonel, arising and pacing the floor majestically. "My handsome friend there is the noble born Major San Miguel y Prieto, the ever illustrious Comanche slayer, and I, sir, am the renowned Colonel Don Santa Fe de Bogota, surnamed the Indian blood drinker, the immense trapper, hunter and vermin extinguisher of the great western prairies." And the colonel stopped to take a drink.

If ever man was utterly bewildered at mere sound of the human voice it was the rural boniface, who, however, possessed sufficient common sense to bestow a suspicious glance upon the attire in which high and mighty chieftains presented themselves, an action not escaping the attention of the ex-filibuster chief.

"You look upon our clothes and smile," continued the colonel, in a tone of irony, as he resumed his pedestrian accompaniment, "did you but know their history, the tales of blood and havoc they could tell, your hair would stand upon your head. These are our battle clothes, which, by the rules of our sanguinary warfare, we are bound to wear for ever, clothes stained with gallons of gore, which, were it not so, I would not exchange for the diadem of——" Here the Colonel's oratorical exertions forced off another button from the venerable garment, and the hero hastily resumed his seat at the table.

"But my friend and I are immensely rich," resumed the colonel, in a confidential tone of voice, "we are men of the world and love to make others of the race happy. I liked your honest countenance, my friend, the first time I saw you, and you shall share our good fortune with us. The illustrious major and I are owners ——"

"Gold mines," insinuated the landlord nervously.

"Not at all," responded the Colonel emphatically, "greater than that"—and the Colonel spoke slowly to give point to his words, "we own, sir——"

"What? Do tell!" interrupted boniface on the anxious seat.

"The Grand Chingchangarora!" replied the colonel solemnly.

"What in the name of thunder's that?" ejaculated the landlord in amazement and perplexity, but the colonel deigned no explanation.

A half an hour afterwards the landlord conducted his guests to view the grand exhibition hall, of which he was proprietor, and which had, at one time, been evidently employed as a stable or barn, converted into a small hall to suit the emergencies of the strolling bands of show folk occasionally honoring the place with their presence. It proved a good sized room, capable of holding about three hundred persons, furnished with a little stage, with a huge canvas at its back and garnished with a mouldy baize curtain. The only properties of the theatre seemed to be a few pots of paint and a buffalo robe, which had doubtlessly been forgotten by some travelers in hurry of transit.

"The place will do," quoth the Colonel, after minutely making a mental inventory of the effects and running his eye over the accommodations offered to the public, "the exhibition shall take place."

The major was upon the point of opening his mouth and enquiring the nature of the proposed exhibition, when a gesture of his superior enforced silence in the presence of the landlord.

"What kind of a show is it?" inquired that inquisitive person.

"The most wonderful and interesting exhibition of the age, the most appalling and instructive lesson in natural history ever allowed by a benign providence to be revealed to the vision of mortal man," answered the Colonel with the style and manner of a professional showman, "it is miraculous, moral and sublime."

"It's an animal, then?" interposed the landlord earnestly, whose comprehension was sufficiently acute to catch the drift of the speaker's harangue.

"To be sure it is," replied the colonel, "a creature of gigantic and unique creation, of amphibious propensities for voracious inclinations, and of herculean appetite, a connecting link between the diluvian and ante-diluvian order of animal structure."

"Anything like an elephant?" said the boniface, deeply interested.

"In only one particular," condescendingly elucidated the Colonel;" it has the sagacity of that marvellous beast, but none of his meekness, docility, or domestic virtues. On the contrary, the Ching (we call him so as his pet-name) is one of the most terrible, bellicose, devastating, unmanageable and revengeful creatures ever known to the world's history, before whose ravages those of the far-famed dragon of Wantley sinks into complete insignificance."

"I never saw anything of the kind," muttered mine host.

"To be sure you did not," responded the colonel, proudly; "to the exertions of my illustrious companion-in-arms, the major there, and my insignificant self, has been reserved the proud glory of having effected the capture of this extraordinary living scourge, who, during the two hundred years of his known existence, has carried off in his deadly paws more Indians, warriors, squaws and papooses, particularly the last, of which he is particularly fond, than the smallpox, chills and fever, ague and dysentery combined."

"How I'd like to see him!" ejaculated the innkeeper; then glancing at his guests admiringly, he inquired, "did you catch him alone?"

"To be sure not; a dozen St. George's couldn't have done so miraculous a feat," replied the colonel austerely; "it was only after a battle of thirteen days, and twice as many nights, during which we were assisted by the combined energy, activity and bravery of twelve Indian tribes and a regiment of artillery, that we were able to bring this wonderful and colossal prodigy of nature into obedience."

"Wonder you did it at all," observed mine host, exultantly.

"Military genius did it, my friend," observed the Colonel in a modest and quiet style. We circumvallated, circumvented, and castellated him during the first week; we enfiladed, bombarded, and entrenched him on the second, and then we charged him on the point of the bayonet until he caved in upon terms of unconditional surrender."

The Colonel paused to notice the effect produced upon his auditor by this somewhat verbose harrangue, and was pleased to observe that he had not misinterpreted the character of the man, inasmuch as the landlord, while carefully drinking in every word of his utterance, was evidently engaged in a mental calculation as to the share of profits he was to receive in the exhibition of the wonderful animal, for, having wiped the threads usually patronizing ordinary shows, he entertained little doubt of the immense pecuniary success which must attend an exhibition of so marvelous an attractiveness as the one described.

"Now, my friend," quoth the Colonel, in a patronizing style, "to business, and hear your good fortune. If, after the first exhibition of the miraculous animal, you are contented with the show, we will then give you, in honor of your hospitality, half the concern."

"Done!" ejaculated the landlord, warmly; "but where is the Grand Ching?" and then he shook hands to bind the bargain.

"He'll be here in the course of the night," answered the Colonel, "in charge of a delegation of Camanche squaws, his sole keepers and trainers. You see his ferocity is so great that we never allow him to see daylight, consequently the show will be to-morrow night."

The gratified landlord departed, leaving his guests and co-partners in possession of the hall, in order to perfect arrangements for the arrival and exhibition of the grand show.

"What, in the name of thunder, is all this?" inquired the Major, giving vent to a fit of laughter, which had been suppressed with much difficulty during the Colonel's ingenious arrangement with their host, as almost to render him black in the face.

"Fortune has smiled upon us," replied the Colonel, gaily. "We have planted that lamented dollar magnificently—free drinks, free grub, and, to-morrow night, lots of tin, I tell you."

"But where's the Ching—what you call him?"

"There!" said the Colonel, pointing to the buffalo robe. "Can you grunt, growl and bellow, by the way, though?" he added, after a moment's meditation. "I think you had better show the beast and I'll do up the animal—it's more in my line."

The remainder of the day was expended in making perfect the preparations for the great exhibition, conducted in secrecy and beneath the supervision of the ingenious Colonel, from whose fertile imagination this unexpected zoological treat for the rural Pennsylvanians had emanated. First he examined the canvass back of the little stage, and the paint pots.

"Just the thing, exactly," soliloquized the fillibuster chief; then, turning to the Major, he ordered him to paint the beast on it.

"What kind of an animal shall I make him?" inquired the Major.

"Anything, but don't violate the second commandment."

Before nightfall the industrious Major had completed a painting of the remarkable animal, with the inscription:—

THE GRAND CHINGCHANGAROA!

(NOW ON EXHIBITION),

THE MOST WONDERFUL, ECCENTRIC AND FEROCIOUS ANIMAL EVER KNOWN TO MANKIND SINCE THE WORLD'S CREATION!!

And certainly the mandate of the Colonel had been literally obeyed, for no such creature had ever been upon earth, amid the heavens nor in the waters beneath. It was truly a composite composition of the various orders of the animal kingdom, in comparison with which the great beast in the Revelations was a puny conception. There, delineated with a comparatively masterly hand, stood the wonderful creature, with the body of a buffalo, three heads of separate organizations, six feet, of six distinct species, terminating with a sweeping tail, such as is supposed to belong to the olden times dragon.

"That will catch them," remarked, prophetically, the Colonel, as, with the aid of the admiring host and his stable hands, the banner was hoisted to the front of the exhibition hall and duly exposed to the wonderment and surprise of a goodly crowd of the village loungers, among whom the news of the intended exhibition had been communicated, with a verbal description of the zoological prodigy, most elaborately exaggerated by the gossiping landlord. The Colonel was decidedly right in his opinion of the attractiveness of his advertisement, for not a townsman viewed the representation of this singular novelty than registered an inward vow to see the original of the grand beast.

The eventful night of the exhibition arrived, and long before the opening of the doors a vast congregation of rural personages crowded around the base of the steps leading to the exhibition chamber, where they encountered the Colonel, who rebuked the impatience of the would be spectators, by clamoring for a speedy admission, on the ground of the danger of irritating a beast of the Ching's will and unrestrainable ferocity. Finally, he was relieved by the Major, who commenced the sale of extemporized tickets; then, having disposed of a greater number than the building could possibly accommodate, he opened the doors and retired behind the green curtain as the auditory mounted the stairs.

The room was in almost profound darkness and the stage illuminated just sufficiently to allow the buffalo back of the animal to be seen, as it writhed in apparent paroxysms of rage, while a series of soul stirring howls, the rattling of iron chains and the stamping of human feet announced the formidable character of the beast, whose peculiarities had been so strongly commented upon.

"Ladies and gentlemen," quoth the Major, coming before the curtain and putting his finger to his mouth significantly, "before the exhibition commences, I beg to ask you, as a small favor, that you preserve the deepest silence. The animal is as sensitive as he is ferocious, and the slightest noise alarms him, and should he break loose I cannot answer for the consequences. He is at this moment in a fretful humor, so I beg and beseech of you to preserve the deepest, the most solemn and lasting silence."

This speech, accompanied as it was with the growls, noise and clamor behind the curtain, produced a sensation of uneasiness among the crowded audience, by no means lessened when the Major, announcing the exhibition of the "Chingchangarora about to commence, disappeared behind the curtain.

The curtain did rise immediately, and the turmoil behind it augmented more fiercely than ever. Suddenly the Major reappeared before the expectant audience, his face pale as ashes.

"For God sake, go!" he exclaimed; "the animal's broke loose!"

It needed no second admonition to set the entire audience in commotion, as each one, anxious to secure his own safety, rushed simultaneously towards the descending stairway, the panic being augmented by the Major's cool joining with his superior in the execution of every variety of unearthly discord it was within the power of the human voice to create. Our rural boniface, who with commendable precaution had posted himself in close proximity to the head of the stairs, no sooner heard the Major's exhortation of warning than, oblivious to all considerations as to his prospective interest in the great show, he plunged desperately down the descending flight of steps, gaining the open air many yards in advance of the fugitive mass of humanity, which, half suffocated and well bruised in a confused exit, deigned not to cast a glance behind, but sped onward in desperation and terror. Not one of the spectators paused, even when outside of the exhibition chamber, but every one, in consternation and affright, spreading alarm during progress of retreat, incontinently hastened to his own domicile, bolting, barring, and barricading doors and windows, behind which to spend a sleepless night, dreading visitation of the escaped and terrible monster.

Towards morning the two exhibitors took a furtive departure, on foot, from the scene of their exploit, after assuring mine host, with tears in their eyes, that they had been obliged to slaughter the cause of their common terror, an action they deeply regretted, not on account of the loss of a promised fortune, but that the scientific world should be deprived of the golden opportunity of beholding for the first and last time the wonderful spectacle of the Grand Chingchangarora.

AN ADVENTURE AT THE HAVANNA.

BY JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

About three weeks before Lent in the year 1842, being at the fine old city of Charleston, South Carolina, and with some leisure before me, it was thought that I could not employ my holiday in a pleasanter way than by taking a trip to the Havanna in the fast sailing schooner Hayne, advertised to reach the Cuban Harbor, from Charleston, in four days. Accordingly, having secured berths for my party and myself, four in number, we embarked, but meeting with head winds, the passage occupied seven days before we beheld, from the sea, the picturesque towers of "The Moro." On our way we stopped at Key West, Florida, to obtain passports and discharge a great portion of our cargo, which so lightened The Hayne, that we were literally sent, with a fair wind, flying over the Gulf of Mexico, and on a lovely spring morning safely sailed into the harbor. The passengers were then ordered on deck to be compared with our passports, and had to stand in a line for that purpose, greatly to the annoyance of a tall gentleman from Massachusetts, who being next to me stooped and whispered in my ear to the following effect:—

"I wish this place was under your flag or ours, I shouldn't care which, so that we had none of this darn nonsense."

Our trunks were then overhauled by the excise officers. On my box being opened some professional dresses were discovered, which greatly puzzled the authorities; they demanded in Spanish to know the meaning of such singular costumes, to which I replied, having a Spanish dictionary in my possession,

"Comedians."

"Ah, comediante! Ha, ha!" upon which my box was closed again, locked, and the key returned to me with a bow and a smile.

Perhaps it may be necessary to mention, that having an eye to business, it occurred to me, before sailing, that a night or two might be advantageously employed, during the stay of my party, in a professional manner, hence the costumes which had so puzzled the Spanish exciseman, the result being a performance in English for three nights, producing a good sum in doubloons (a most noble gold coin), the amount being more than sufficient to pay our passage money and hotel bill. And now, for the benefit of some of my professional brethren and sisters, I may, by the way, refer to a circumstance I witnessed. On going one morning to the theatre, "The Diorama," at the back of "The Passeo," I noticed a Spanish gentleman in the custody of a file of soldiers. On inquiring what crime he had committed, I was told he was a performer at one of the theatres, and was being taken before the Alcade for refusing a part. As a metropolitan manager, how is it we have not an Alcade here? Fancy Mr. Mortimer Smith being taken before Mr. Knox at Marlborough street for the same crime. Would that worthy magistrate "dismiss the summons?" I should rather think not, indeed. However, the Spanish comedian, I afterwards learnt, was locked up until he consented to do his duty. Our quarters were at an hotel which pleasantly overlooked the harbor, and every morning, in the day after our arrival, I generally sallied forth alone to survey the town, for which purpose I hired a volante, a sort of cabriolet similar to those private vehicles used by gentlemen in London. The negro, casselaro or driver, rode postillion-wise, dressed in a gay embroidered scarlet jacket, a brigand kind of hat, his feet bare, but his heel ornamented by silver spurs. There had been a storm on the previous night, which caused some pools of muddy water to lie in the road. My volante went along in a light and agreeable manner, when a Spanish soldier, going to parade, in full uniform, was suddenly covered with dirty slush, through my horse having accidentally stumbled into a puddle. The soldier, whose face and uniform were disfigured by the mire, was furious; he drew his sword and savagely attacked the poor black driver. The horse rearing obliged me to jump from the vehicle, when I beheld the soldier cutting down the poor casselaro, whose blood was streaming over his face till he fell senseless into the road. As I were, on that occasion, a linen tail coat, and a broad-brimmed Panama hat, looking something like Madame Vestris in the character of Paul in "Paul and Virginia," I was taken for an American by the crowd which had gathered about the volante, as the people, pointing to me, called out "Americanos." The soldier came at me, sword in hand, and in a tremendous fury. Having nothing but my fists to protect me I prepared to receive him in a way most congenial to an Englishman, especially as when young and in the Borough of Southwark I had been a pupil of the late lamented Dick Curtis, then the pet of the fancy, and champion of the light-weights. On came the soldier, when, putting myself into what I considered a scientific attitude of defence, I loudly uttered an oath, which I hope I may be forgiven for introducing into this narrative, but without giving the words in full, my gentle reader may guess what the oath was—as it ran thus:—"G—d—your eyes, what do you mean?" upon which the crowd called out "Ingless, Ingless!" The soldier hearing this, suddenly stopped, went into the road, seized the horse by the reins and waltzed away with the vehicle, leaving me in the midst of the assembled crowd. A shopkeeper wearing a huge false nose, it being carnival time, came and courteously led me into his shop. As I entered I saw some negroes dragging away my poor casselaro, on his back, by the legs. Whether he was fatally wounded or not I never knew. On returning to my hotel I related the adventure to the proprietor, and was loud in my demands that the affair should be laid before the Alcade and the soldier punished, to which my landlord replied,

"No doubt the soldier would be punished, but some night you would be watched, waylaid, and poignarded." Therefore, awaking to a sense that discretion was really the better part of valor, I held my tongue.

Many other adventures happened to me at this city of Columbus, but which, like Dr. Drowsy's sermons, as Mrs. Hardcastle says in "She Stoops to Conquer," must be put off to a fitter opportunity.

☞ Holloway's Ointment and Pills are found the only remedies able to subdue the dangerous symptoms of that fatal disease now so prevalent under the name of sore throats. The Ointment used externally, and Pills internally, are a certain cure.

KATUNE.—The gentleman is neither actor or reasoner.

THE JOLLY PIROOT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'Twas a jolly piroot,
Flush'd with liquor and loot,
With his oaths and his scowl,
And his rough and ready way,
And his belt with pistols hung,
And his sword a' random slung,
And his dagger that he seizes
When about his foes to slay.

In a room beneath the ground,
With a coil of cobwebs bound,
Where the daylight never enters
All his waking hours are passed,
With a quart of gin, or more,
Customs officers ne'er saw,
And his "molls" to keep him company,
He dwells and goes it fast.

With a chosen chum or two,
There the day he worries through,
For to be abroad is dangersome,
So well his form is known,
Playing poker, crib and dice,
All the while as still as mice,
Till the shades of even falling
Give him chance to range the town.

In the shadows of the wall
See him lurk and creep and crawl,
With his hand his weapon grasping,
And his eye for victims peeled,
Till a gentleman quite tight,
Comes in darkness of the night,
"What's the time?" He stops to answer
Draws his watch—his doom is sealed.

Or a portly banker sits
With sorely puzzled wits
In his office after midnight,
Counting o'er the morning's gains,
When a stealthy step creeps up,
And a pistol pulls a stop
To his counting, and our pirate
Gets the safe key for his pains.

Or, assisted by a pal,
Tom or Jerry, Dick or Hal,
Some warehouse door he prizes,
And his pockets fills with spoil;
Should a "fly cop" get the scent,
On disposing of him bent,
Quick his hand is on the trigger,
Anything the beaks to foil.

There are "fences" here and there
Who have lots of cash to spare,
And are fixed to treat him liberal,
If trade is somewhat brisk,
And a friend or two in need,
Who can scrutiny mislead,
And who stands 'twixt him and danger,
And right gladly take the risk.

And if the worst should fall
And policemen make a haul,
And to prison send the hero,
To reward him for his sin,
There's a magistrate or two,
Who'll assist him to get through,
And a speedy pardon helps him
To get at his trade again.

He's a dashing, slashing blade,
Of no human force afraid,
And at a pinch not backward
On the stab or on the shoot,
And a prince among the gals,
And a model of his pals,
And a terror to the public
Is this jolly old pirool!

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 47.—Religious Sensations.

There is probably no community in the civilized world more excitable, or more given to excitement, than the good folks of New York, for, notwithstanding we assign to the Parisian the reputation of a general mercurial disposition, a close scrutiny of the occurrences creating a passing enthusiasm among the denizens of the French capital will amply demonstrate that our seemingly volatile friends beyond the Atlantic have possessed a sounder basis for temporary ebullitions of popular frenzy than has fallen to the lot of us Manhattanese. However phlegmatic may have been our plodding ancestors, none versed in our local habits can deny but that the passing generation has seized upon all manner of occasions to indulge in the wildest demonstrations of public excitation, however trivial their origin or however foreign to our general character the subject matter for our contagious, transient excitement, for the exhibition of which, in nine cases out of ten, we, on the morrow, are heartily and sincerely repentant.

For instance, who, remembering the triumphant advent of the Hungarian dictator, Kossuth, and the clandestine exode of the fugitive Alexander Smith, does not honestly lament the despicable exhibition of man worship presented by our entire community, rich and poor, great and small, when carried away in the turmoil of feverish excitement? The national government, it is true, set the example of laudation of an imaginary hero; the municipal authorities, acting upon the hint, lavished money, food and wordy incense upon the financial adventurer, but the people will long be entrapped, spontaneously, a grotesque adulation, antagonistic to every established notion of self respect or of common propriety. Neither was this Kossuth insanity an isolated example of our communal aberration in dignity; the catalogue of individuals upon whom we have showered the balm of flunkeyism having been both long and incongruously diversified, embracing, as it does, Charles Dickens, Appolonia Jagello, the Prince de Joinville, Uhazy, Billy Bowlegs, Jenny Lind, the Prince of Orange, Father Mathew, Lord Morpeth, Gen. Walker, the Prince of Wales, and other magnates of a lesser note, the public reception of all of whom, only to be outdone in ineffable lunacy by the great cable celebration, appropriately terminating in a blaze of glory and in the singeing of our City Hall.

A very significant rebuke was, at one time, administered to the inordinate and all pervading desire for excitement among our fair citizens by the jocular invention of the "Fairy Light Guard." Some unscrupulous genius, having caused an announcement to be printed in the leading journals to the effect that a military organization, composed exclusively of ladies, would arrive from a Pennsylvanian city and give an exhibition of their martial proficiency before the municipal authorities, was rewarded for his outlay by the spectacle of some five thousand females waiting patiently for many hours within the arena of the City Hall Park beneath the broiling rays of a July sun, in expectancy of witnessing the immodest display of their sex's brazen effrontery. I will venture to say that no other city in the universe could have produced an equal troupe of indefatigable sight seekers, braving the indignities of a mixed auditory of masculine jeerers and the rigors of a torrid atmosphere, to gratify a morbid craving for temporary excitement. Neither in this instance of indecorum a rare one with our excitable fair ones, for it is well known that abolition of public exhibitions of the death penalty could be mainly attributable to observation of demoralizing influences exerted upon the mass of spectators congregated at the gallow's foot, a vast majority of whom were females, representing the middling, and oftentimes the better class of the community. Even the removal of the scaffold to the uttermost limits of the municipality failed to disperse the attending throng, viewing the scene of the law's expiation as productive of exciting, although harrowing, sensations, until legislative wisdom found no thorough remedy for the crying evil save in the politic abrogation of a pregnant source of social degradation.

Any one having attended the annual carnival of religious unreason, ruling supreme during the earlier days of each successive month of May, vulgarly known as Anniversary week, during which the old Tabernacle in Broadway was crowded to repletion with excited multitudes, enthusiastically wedded to every species of clerical mania, would have discovered, at least, three-quarters of the audience to have been of the feminine gender, without whose concurrent countenance, all the frenzy, therein so lavishly outpoured would have dwindled into a sterile ground. In fact, it is useless to deny that to the enthusiasm of the fair sex, oftentimes upon topi's repulsive to their position and to their comprehension, we have been indebted for continuance of popular excitements, frequently culminating in turmoil and riot.

The advent of Fanny Wright, as a public lecturer, was a memorable example of woman's influence as a popular teacher, for, although few of her own sex, contrary to their ordinary habit, were tempted to embrace her doctrines, her train of disciples was sufficiently large to enable them to erect and inaugurate a building dedicated exclusively to her politico-theological reunions. For over a year or so, the Hall of Science, in Grand or Broome street, near the Bowery, I forgot the exact locality, flourished as the arena of polemical excitement, notwithstanding that the fascinating expounder of ultra montane liberalism was neither young nor handsome; on the contrary, Miss Fanny Wright was, according to our modern notions, anything but a fashionable beauty, being short in figure and broad in person, with a florid face and carroty colored hair, which delicate head covering some invidious detractors insinuated to have been borrowed property. Yet, despite all these physical failings, our eloquent precepiress, a sort of forerunner for subsequent advocacy of enlarged opinions in morality, not only created a sensation, but produced a decided excitement, almost as great as that produced by Fanny Kemble, while appearing at the Old Park, in connection with her father, sycophantly styled "the last of the Romans." True, the bucks of the town did not appropriate Fanny Wright's slippers to convert them into drinking vessels, as they did those of the fair actress, yet her disciples boasted a goodly array of solid men and progressive matrons, who failed to desert her standard until, in an evil hour, she took unto herself a spouse, whereupon Mrs. Fanny Wright Duresmont ceased to replace the idol theretofore worshipped as plain Fanny Wright. Possibly the eloquent lecturer was in a measure indebted for her temporary triumphs through the cooperation of a knot of worthies who discussed religion and land reform upon Sunday afternoons, in the wigwam of St. Tammany, with an occasional draught upon the fire water from the Great Spring, so much patronized by the Buchtails of old. This corps of philosophers, by themselves styled "the astro philanthropists," advocated the religious dogmas of Thomas Paine, whose works were published by their leader, a professor of mathematics named Vale, who for many years maintained a nautical academy, for the benefit of incipient shipmasters, in the region of Franklin square. This collection of profoundists survived the fall of the Hall of Science, and for a period of time conserved a self-sustaining existence, rarely disturbing the attention of the general public, save upon occasion of an annual dinner and ball, commemorative of the day of Paine's natrvity, or of a pilgrimage to the tomb of the infidel apostle, situated among the stubble fields of New Rochelle. It appeared, however, that, even after the disappearance of their popular female evangelist, these reformatory congregationalists were ordained to be beneath the sway of petticoat government, as their guiding luminary, during the fitful periods of their public apparition, appeared to be a Polish lady, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, an ardent and able disciple of Mary Wollencroft in the ardu

Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here.
(Sings.)

Bar.—Confusion! She here too! Nay, then, I yield!
(Springs up, as enter from the crib Spot., Codf., Codl. Police and Crowd.)
I've lost my pistol, but ah! not yet lost.
Back, rearguard! Beneath this sidewalk stored
A ton of glycerine doth lie concealed.
Stir but a step, give but one whistle, rap,
And by the torch of trusty aids applied,
I hurl ye to your doom.
A Detective from the roof.—Die, traitor, die!
(He hurls a chimney pot on him. The Bare-un falls. Music, red fire, and slow curtain.)

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT was yesterday, and what will be to-morrow? To-day.

WHICH has most legs, a horse or no horse? No horse has five.

WHY is a glass-blower likely to teach the alphabet a pace? Because he makes a D-canter.

IF a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on, or to let go?

WHICH were made first, elbows or knees? Knees, because beasts were created first.

WHY is sealing-wax like a soldier? Because he is often under arms.

WHY is the eye like a thief at the whipping post? Because he is under the lash.

WHAT is the difference between the preserves of a certain fruit and a mass meeting of freedmen? None; each is a black jam.

WHAT'S the difference between water and whiskey? Men slip on the former when it's frozen, and on the latter when it isn't.

WHAT is that which comes into existence about five or six feet from the ground, and is a sign of treachery and amity? A kiss.

BREVITIES.

DISCRETION in speech is more than eloquence.

DUTIES fulfilled are always pleasures to the memory.

THE cheapest of lawyers—Keeping one's own counsel.

AN OBLIGATO ON THE FLUTE.—The sum lent on that article by an obliging pawnbroker.

"OH, I wouldn't live for ever—I wouldn't if I could; But I needn't fret about it, for I couldn't if I would."

WHEN autumn is married to winter, the wedding cake is always frosted.

THE individual who got over a thing smoothly first put on a little oil.

BE not content with high resolve; rather be content with little doings.

THERE is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.

MORE men have been ruined by their servants than by their masters.

THE badness of the voyage frequently depends more on those who govern the ship than on the weather.

CONCEITED PEOPLE are always happy; they do so to enjoy *themselves.*

ART is the revelation of man; and not merely that, but likewise the revelation of nature speaking through man.

THE best right of man, is the right to write what is right. The best right of woman, the marriage rite.

"No pains will be spared," as the quack said when sawing off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.

TO come away from a conversation in which there has been no censure of others, yet no lack of zest, is to carry with our memories a golden clue.

VIRTUE is the silken cord which strings the pearls of every good principle which alone makes the human heart happy in its being.

THE following is given as a fireman's toast:—"The ladies—the only incendiaries who kindle a flame which water will not extinguish."

A CLERGYMAN who had been accused of preaching long sermons, excused himself on the ground that the church was a large one.

LADIES who are fond of knitting, when at sea, need never be in want of material for work, for any sailor will always be ready to spin them a yarn.

AFTER all, there are only two sorts of disease, says a French doctor—one of which you die, and the other of which you don't.

A YOUTH, with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and, being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

RECREATION.—Let your recreation be manly, moderate and real; the use of recreation is to strengthen your labor and moisten your rest.

THE SNAKE AND THE EAGLE.—The snake may reach the eminence as certainly as the eagle, but he reaches it by crawling, and he still remains a snake.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—The love of the beautiful and true, like the dewdrop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of the soul.

RICHES AND BRAINS.—Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king; give a man brains without riches, and he is a slave; give a man riches without brains, and he is a monkey.

TIME.—Time is the only gift which God has stinted us; for He never intrusts us with a second moment until He has taken away the first, and never leaves us certain of a third.

MERRY MOMENTS.

CRITICAL.—A critic, speaking of Sontag's vocalism, says "We hang upon every note." "This," says a contemporary, "is a proof of the lady's remarkable power of execution."

A GENTLEMAN asking the question how many dog-days there were in a year, received for an answer, it was impossible to say, as every dog had his day.

SCANDAL.—"I hold it to be a fact," said Pascal, "that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be four friends in the world."

MYTHOLOGY tells us that Io died because of her intense love for Jupiter; but the charm of the romantic story has lately been destroyed by a chemist discovering Iodide of potassium.

REPARTEE.—The name of Roger having been written on a sack, by some chance the last letter was concealed, when a person read it Rogue (Rogue). "How can that be?" retorted a bystander. "True," replied the other, "it wants u (you) in it."

LYING AND STEALING.—'Where did you get that turkey?" said a colonel to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp the other day with a fine bird. "Stole it," was the laconic answer. "Ah," said the colonel, triumphantly, to a bystander, "you see my boys may steal, but they won't lie."

A GOOD ANSWER.—One of the beauties at the court of Frederick the Great said to the king: "Sire, how is it that you, who are so illustrious already, still seek for additional fame?" "Madame," he replied, "for the same reason that you, although so beautiful, still wear rouge."

WHY A SHIP IS "SHE."—A ship is called "she" because a man knows not the expense until he gets one—because they are useless without employment—because they look best when well rigged—because their value depends upon their age—because they bring news from abroad and carry out news from home.

SIMILARITY OF MINDS.—Dante was asked by the Prince of Verona how he could account for the fact that, in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher. "Similarity of minds," said the fierce genius, "is over all the world a test of friendship."

PREPARING FOR A STORM.—Mr. Weevil having been out to a late tea party with a few friends, upon getting into bed at 1 A. M. hoists his umbrella. Mrs. W. pleasantly desires to know "why he is making such a ridiculous ass of himself." Mr. W.:—"Well, you see, my dear, I expected a *storm*, and came prepared."

SIGNING THE NAME.—"Do yer charge enybody for the address, when yer sends a missage by tillergraf?" inquired Michael. "Never," replied the operator. "Do yez charge for signing the name?" "Never." "Thin sind this, an' my brother will know I am here:—" *'To John McFlin, New York. Signed, Michael McFlin.*

THE BEST LOCK OUT.—"Can I induce you to invest in a lock?" smilingly inquired a traveling agent for an improved door-fastening, of a plain looking old maid, whom he encountered sweeping off her front stoop. "You might, sir," she replied, with a ghastly smile, eyeing him carefully for a moment from head to foot, in "wed-lock!"

G FLAT.—Here is one verse from the plaint of a London tenor:—

"Break, break, break,
O voice! I must urge thy plea,
For the tender skin of my larynx is torn,
And I fall in my upper G!"

NEVER FEAR.—A gentleman having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "Oh, I'm not afraid of a barrel of ale," said the bricklayer. "I presume not," said the gentleman, "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

FORESIGHT.—A girl, forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said with great simplicity:—"Oh, dear, no sir; but you are the first person who asked my opinion about the matter."

GUMS.—In Pennsylvania India rubber shoes are sometimes called "gums." A gentleman from Philadelphia, with his wife, is on a visit to New York, and on returning to the house of their host one evening, the gentleman entered the parlor alone. "Why, where is Emily?" He answered, "Oh, Emily is outside, cleaning her gums upon the mat."

"YOU UNS" AND "WE UNS."—Our army found the word "you uns" and "we uns" all the way from Pennsylvania to the Gulf. In Tennessee a Yankee soldier asked an ancient lady if she had seen any Federals in that neighborhood. "Well," said the lame, "what was some of you uns over thar, 'cross the road, but some of we uns come 'long, and them uns got up and dusted."

AN INEFFECTUAL PROTEST.—An old lady who came to Springfield, Mass., to take a train for Albany, by mistake took a train for Boston, and discovering her error just as the train got under way, she rushed upon the car-platform, flourished her parasol, and shrieked, "I'm not going on this train! I'm not going on this train!" to the astonishment and amusement of the spectators, who saw her borne off on that identical train, in spite of her protestations.

IMPERTINENCE PUNISHED.—An Irish gentleman of great wealth once appeared in the Court of King's Bench as a security for a friend in the sum of three thousand pounds. Serjeant Davy, though he well knew the responsibility of the gentleman, could not help his customary impertinence. "Well, sir, how do you make yourself to be worth three thousand pounds?" The gentleman very deliberately specified the particulars up to two thousand, nine hundred and forty pounds. "Ay," says Davy, "that's not enough by sixty." "For this sum," replied the other, "I have a note of one Serjeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty soon to discharge it." This set the court in a roar. The Serjeant was, for once, abashed, and Lord Mansfield said, "Well, brother, I think we may accept the bail."

A LEGAL JOKE.—Tom Corwin, the celebrated Ohio lawyer and politician, was notorious for impartially borrowing money from every one of his friends and seldom paying them. Having been fined $30 by a judge, one day, for disorderly behavior in court, Tom looked all around the court room, and then addressed the judge:—"May it please your honor, I see no one present of whom I can borrow $30 with which to pay the fine just inflicted on me by yourself. Will you be kind enough to lend me the amount?" The judge, foreseeing the probable result of making the loan requested, addressed his reply to the clerk:—"You may remit that fine, Mr. Clerk. The State of Ohio can better afford to lose $30 than I can."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO. R. CARPENTER.—The splendid addition to "*Critique*" is safely to hand. We purpose reventilating No. 17 next week. Solution of No. 665 is that of the author. We shall not give the solution of Brown's last pair for some time yet.

A. E. H.—You see we have made the best possible use of your prompt reply. No one has ever unravelled the true idea of "Eureka," after adding a Black P at K Kt 2d.

WM. H. LYONS.—Thank you for correcting your problem; it shall be attended to. Forget your errand to Dr. Reid, but can do it now; that the White Pawn on K R 3d, of the problem be criticised, is not "dead wood," as he imagines.

CHAS. PORTER.—Many thanks for the brilliant game. Solutions correct, as always. One copy of "*Brevity and Brilliancy,*" post paid, is $1.75. We should send a second copy to the same address for $1.50.

GEO. F. FULLER.—Your genial epistle to hand, for which we thank you very hearily. Solution correct. We will ventilate that "irascible cousin" of yours, W. J. A., the very first time we can spare room. Where is he?

VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS.—The explication of E. B. C.'s "no move" enigma is this:—You see, or if you don't you will pretty soon, Black incautiously, or per force, last moved Pawn two steps, whereupon White took *en passant*—but, between making the move and taking off the slaughtered P, the position was seized by instantaneous photography. Remove the "dead wood" and you'll see it—or ought to. In S. L.'s "half-move" you see White was going to Castle, giving mate; but when he'd got the move half made—*i. e.*, K to Kt sq—the same photographer was at his elbow, and, *presto!* he was down before he had time to make the Rook's half of the move.

MR. BLACKBURNE, at last advices, had won his game in the Cup Tourney with Mr. De Vere. This left Mr. B. only one more antagonist, MR. Bird, whom, if he defeats, he will tie Mr. De Vere. In this event they will have to contest a single-handed duel, the one battling for its two years' custodianship, the other for the final possession of this great trophy as his own property.

Critique on Healey's Problems.—No. XV.

BY GEO. R. CARPENTER.

PROBLEM NO. XXXI.

Faulty, as published, as noticed in Loewenthal's Magazine. The author corrects it by adding a Black Pawn at K R 3d.

PROBLEM NO. XXXII.

WHITE.—King at Q Kt 3; Queen at her B 6; Bishop at Q B 4; Knights at K 7, and K Kt 4; Pawn at Q 3d.
BLACK.—King at Q 5; Queen at home; Rook at K B 5; Bishops at Q K sq, and K R 2; Pawns at Q Kt 3, and Q B 4th.
White to play and give mate in two moves.

Compare No. 44.

WHITE.—King at his R 4; Queen at her 3; Rook at Q Kt 4; Knights at Q B 8, and K B 4; Pawn at Q R 3d.
BLACK.—King at Q B 4; Queen at her R 8; Rooks at K 2, and K R sq; Bishop at Q 8; Pawns at Q R 3, Q B 3, Q 4, K B 3, and K R 3d.
White mates in two moves.

Compare, also, Nos. 153, 178, 179 and others. The lack of originality of this idea hardly warrants so frequent a repetition as is found in this collection. Among the many versions of the same idea by other authors may be mentioned the 2-move by Brede, No. 89 of Alexandre's "*Mats en deux coups,*" thus:—
WHITE.—King at Q R sq; Queen at K B 4; Knight at K Kt 2; Pawns at Q Kt 2, K B 5, K Kt 3, and K R 4th.
BLACK.—King at his R 4; Queen at her Kt 2; Rooks at Q sq, and Q 2; Pawns at Q R 6, K Kt 5, and K R 3d.
White mates in two moves.

PROBLEM NO. XXXIII.

WHITE.—King at Q Kt sq; Q at her 6; Bishop at Q 7; Knight at K 6; Pawns at K B 5, and K R 4th.
BLACK.—King at his B 3; Bishop at K R sq, and Pawn at Q Kt 7th.
White mates in two moves.

Imperfect.—After the key, if Black 1..B to K Kt 8; 2..Kt to Kt 5, *or* Q 8, mate; or if 1..K × P; 2..Kt to Kt 5, *or* Q B 5, mate.

NO 51.

This is an exact counterpart of 33, and, like it, imperfect.
WHITE.—King at his Kt sq; Queen at K 3; Bishop at K R 6; Knight at Q 6; Pawns at Q R 4, and Q B 5th.
BLACK.—King at Q 4; Bishop at Q R sq.
White mates in three moves.

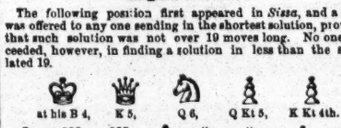
PROBLEM NO. XXXIV.

The style of this problem provokes a comparison with Nos. 18 and 66.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Enigma No. 667.

The following position first appeared in *Sissa*, and a prize was offered to any one sending in the shortest solution, provided that such solution was not over 19 moves long. No one succeeded, however, in finding a solution in less than the stipulated 19.



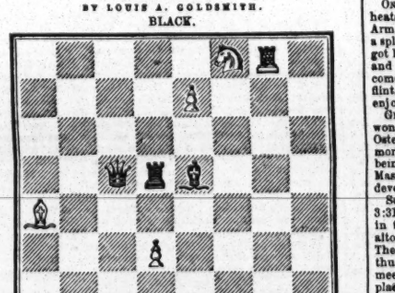
White to play and give mate in nineteen moves.

Problem No. 667.

"*Eureka.*"

BY LOUIS A. GOLDSMITH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and comel zuimate in 25 moves. Now, to bring the stipulations and discoveries within one view—place a White Pawn on K B 3, and a Black one on Q 5, and let White force suimate in 22 moves; retain the Pawns just named, place a Black Kt where the Black Rook is, and force suimate with White in 22 moves, without capturing the Black Bishop: retain the Pawns, exchange the Black Rook for a Pawn, and then, let White, without Queening his P, force suimate in 18 moves: lastly, retain the P's named, exchange Black R for a P, remove the White Bishop on Q R 4, and then with White commit *folie de se* in 16 moves. These discoveries have arisen from the zeal and researches of Brown, Porter and Carpenter.

Game No. 667.

Specimen of the young Mr. Mongredien's skill, in the Tourney for the *Glowworm* prizes.—*Glowworm.*

GIUOCO PIANO.

Black. Mr. Q.	White. Mr. K.	Black. Mr. Q.	White. Mr. K.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	11..7 to 10	24 to 20
2..15 " 22	25 " 18	12..3 " 7	28 24-b)
3..8 " 11	29 " 25	13..14 " 17	31 14
4..11 " 16	24 " 19	14..10 " 26	31 22
5..4 " 8	19 " 12	15..7 " 10	30 23
6..8 " 11	27 " 24	16..3 " 6	25 21
7..9 " 14	18 " 9	17..6 " 9	23 18
8..6 " 13	32 " 18	18..1 " 6	14 15(c)
9..10 14(a)	26 " 22	19..11 " 27	32 23
10..13 " 14	26 " 22	20..10 " 14, and wins.	

(a) Maintaining his game. (b) Weak. (c) A "forlorn hope" at best.

Solution of Position No. 94.—Vol. XVI.

BY J. DYAS.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..10 to 15	22 to 29	3..8 to 11, and wins.	
2..7 " 10	6 " 15		

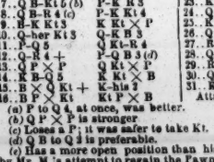
Solution of Position No. 95.—Vol. XVI.

BY J. DUPONT.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..29 to 25	7 to 9	3..25 to 22, and wins.	
2..10 " 15	19 " 15		

Position No. 96.—Vol. 16. Position No. 97.—Vol. 16

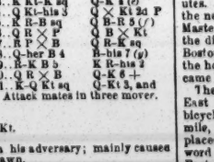
BY EDWARD. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY TOM ARTHURS. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

A. J. B., Burlington, Vt.—We cannot inform you precisely. Half a dozen years ago, Alexander Drysdale was considered equal to the best, and we know of nothing to the contrary at present.

WM. B. MULLOY.—Thanks.

Game No. 48.—Vol. XVI.

Between Messrs. E. and Q.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Mr. Q.	White. Mr. E.	Black. Mr. Q.	White. Mr. E.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	11..7 to 10	24 to 20
2..15 " 22	25 " 18	12..3 " 7	28 24-b)
3..8 " 11	29 " 25	13..14 " 17	31 14
4..11 " 16	24 " 19	14..10 " 26	31 22
5..4 " 8	19 " 12	15..7 " 10	30 23
6..8 " 11	27 " 24	16..3 " 6	25 21
7..9 " 14	18 " 9	17..6 " 9	23 18
8..6 " 13	32 " 18	18..1 " 6	14 15(c)
9..10 14(a)	26 " 22	19..11 " 27	32 23
10..13 " 14	26 " 22	20..10 " 14, and wins.	

(a) Maintaining his game. (b) Weak. (c) A "forlorn hope" at best.

Solution of Position No. 94.—Vol. XVI.

BY J. DYAS.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..29 to 25	22 to 29	3..8 to 11, and wins.	
2..7 " 10	6 " 15		

Solution of Position No. 95.—Vol. XVI.

BY J. DUPONT.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..29 to 25	7 to 9	3..25 to 22, and wins.	
2..10 " 15	19 " 15		

Position No. 96.—Vol. 16. Position No. 97.—Vol. 16

BY EDWARD. BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

BY TOM ARTHURS. BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SNOW-SHOE RACING IN CANADA.

THE FASTEST MILE TIME ON RECORD.

The supplementary races of the Dominion Snow-Shoe Club, of Montreal, C. E., took place over the grounds of the Garrison Cricket Club, on the afternoon of the 6th inst., the track being in fine condition, the weather charming and a large crowd in attendance. A. A. Stevenson and Geor e Horne officiated as judges, T. R. Whitehead as starter and Messrs. Lanigan and Lawlor as timers. First on the programme was a

MILE RACE.—Prize, Labrouche medal. Only two started, John Robinson and Tabb. The latter gave up at the end of the first lap, and Robinson, running very gamely and stylishly, came in alone in 5:38½, the fastest time on record, Radger previously heading the roll of honor with 6:02 and 6:04, performances which had been unapproached for six years, by whites or Indians. The time by laps was 1:20¾; 1:34¾; 1:32¾; 1:30¾; half mile, 2:55½; 3:03; mile, 5:38½. This brilliant performance was not to stand long, however.

INNKEEPERS' PLATE.—This brought out a fine field, of whom one or two had a show to win, Maltby and Harper. Telfer ranked next in merit. The race was looked upon as a dead certainty for Harper. Indeed it was not considered likely that Maltby would meet him at this distance, being not too stout. Maltby was high in flesh, and would want another fortnight to fit him for a mile race, but had on his side a good generalship, experience and pluck, and above all a turn of speed at a finish with which he has not always been credited. Harper was well, possibly a shade fine, but with *prestige* on his side, and was favored by the distance. Be ting was two to one against Maltby, taken by some warm supporters, Harper being laid against, 5 to 4. No one else was supported. At the start Maltby took the lead, and kept it up the straight to the corner, where he looked round for his man, and was passed by Harper, who assumed the premiership. Maltby running a waiting race, lay second. The pair, going at a racing pace, drew gradually away from the ruck, and covered the first lap in 1:35½; Harper leading by a couple of yards. The second quarter was run in 1:33¼; half in 2:48¾; positions remaining unchanged. The race was now a most exciting one. To say truth very few had confidence in Maltby's ability to live it out at that gait. Both were running freely. Maltby kept very close to his man, and having a trifle the longer stride occasionally tapped Harper's shoes. The third round was made in 1:33½; three quarters of a mile in 4:22¾. Harper had still a lead of six feet. The excitement was most intense as the men entered the last lap. Going up the straight Maltby went to his man's shoulder, and the pace, warm enough hitherto, became a cracker. On the back stretch Maltby brushed for about twenty yards and then fell back to the rear, and a shout went up, "He's beaten." They swung round the curve at a rattling pace. At the head of the stretch, about a hundred and fifty yards from home, Maltby collared the leader, disposed of him in four strides, and putting on a spurt, which was really lion-like, raced home a winner in the unexampled time of 5:48; the last lap being run in 1:24¼. Harper, beaten about fifteen yards, was second, in 5:51; Telfer third, in 5:59.

GREEN HURDLE RACE.—Distance 100 yards, in heats, over four hurdles. Rose was the favorite, and in his maiden essay over timber proved himself a neat and safe jumper. He won the first heat easily in 15 seconds. Massey and Carson close up. In the second heat he cast a shoe, and Tees won, Carson second, in 15½ seconds. In the third heat Robinson led to the last leap, where Rose came with a fine spurt, but he had left it a little too late, at the judge's fiat was beaten a head in 15 seconds. The deciding heat was won easily by Rose in 14½ seconds, his staying qualities being manifested by the time. The fencing was magnificent, plucky and clean. Robinson is young yet, but has the racing stamp all over him.

HORSE MEDAL.—Distance half mile. Only F. C. Stevenson, the holder, and H. G. Young ran. The latter cut up badly, and made worse time than he did over the bad Grand Trunk track. Stevenson, who has a splendid stride if he would only take the trouble to train, went right away and won by a hundred yards in 2:50¾ (quarters, 1:17½; 1:33½); and beeps in hand; Young, 3:09. The medal now becomes Mr. Stevenson's property, he having won it two years in succession.

BOY'S RACE.—Distance, quarter of a mile, run in squads. Farmer and Empey won their trial heats, in 1:29¾, and 1:32, respectively. The deciding heat was won by Farmer in 1:30¾; Empey giving up when half way round.

HORSE RACE, quarter of a mile, in heats; two entries. Armstrong had the call at slight odds. Rose had just run four heats over hurdles, but is remarkably stout, which gave him the pull in a matter of heats at the distance. In the first heat he made very hot running, followed by Armstrong. This was bad policy on Armstrong's part, as he has not the physical strength to split heats at such a distance. At the corner he made his effort but stumbled, and Rose won a very fast race in 1:10¾. In the second heat Armstrong made running all round till within sixty yards of home, when Rose collared him, and a magnificent finish ensued. The pair ran locked to the post, Rose being awarded the heat by three inches. John Lawler, who is a pretty good judge, was of opinion it was a dead heat. The time was 1:16¾. Rose has beaten Armstrong thrice, and is a fine runner. He has a great turn of speed, and repeats well. A protest was entered on the ground of noncompliance with by-laws, but was withdrawn, being manifestly out of order.

HALF MILE RACE, OPEN.—Bouthillier took the lead, running the quarter in 1:13. Robinson, after his mile race, only started to pull up, and Harry Jones fell. Bouthillier had it all his own way, and during the second lap, in 1:35¼, won in 2:48¾.

TWO MILE RACE.—Prize, Captain Robinson's medal. Vosburgh was the favorite, and justified public expectations by winning easily. S. C. Stevenson ran second for a mile, and really looked dangerous, as he was running well within himself when he pulled up with a pain in his side. Hornsell ran a very fast first mile and a very steady second one, and put on a splendid spurt at the finish, in the true Keraronwe style. His time was by quarters, 1:18¾; 1:37½; 1:38; 1:41¾; 1:39; 1:43½; 1:45¾; 1:39¼. By half miles, 2:56; 3:19½; 3:22½; 3:35. By miles, 6:15½; 6:57½. Harry Horsnell was second in 14:06.

ONE HUNDRED YARD DASH.—This was won in two straight heats by James, in 11¾ and 12¼ seconds. Wood ran second, Armstrong being the other member of the trio who made such a splendid finish in the second heat. In the first James' shoe got loose, and in the second he seemed shut out, but split Wood and Armstrong miraculously. He is very careless what becomes of his shoes, but has a telling stride, and is game as a flint. Armstrong ran a good race, considering that he had just enjoyed two severe quarter mile heats.

GREEN CLUB RACE.—Distance, quarter of a mile. It was won easily by Sam Massey in 1:18½; Tabb second in 1:21½; Ostell third. Massey deserved what Mr. Stevenson called a more Massey ive prize, for his perseverence this winter, this being his first win out of about fifteen starts. He has the Massey speed about him, plus pluck, and has lots of time to develope into a Tecumseh cup winner.

SOLDIERS' RACE.—Distance half a mile. Andrews won it in 3:31; (laps, 1:37; 1:54), Bowler second in 3:33. Gardner came in first, but was disqualified for having worn a spike. The race altogether, as will be seen, is the best ever made on any track. The prizes were then distributed with appropriate remarks, and thus ended what may be considered as the most remarkable meeting with respect to fleetness of foot that has ever taken place. The trial on foot between the Indians resulted in an easy victory for Duillebout, whose time for the mile was 4:46½. Keraronwe came in 4½ sec. behind. It is only fair to say that the former ran in woollen socks and the latter in moccasins, to which is ascribed Keraronwe's defeat, as the moccasins proved much more difficult to run in, it being almost impossible for him to keep his feet in them.

VELOCIPEDE RIDING AT BOSTON.

Horticultural Hall, Velocipede Academy, Boston, Mass., was well filled by those who take an interest in velocipedeism on the night of the 8th of March, when two races were announced. The first race was for a purse of $5 to the individual that succeeded in accomplishing the most time in going one eighth of a mile, or three times around the hall. But one rider at a time was allowed on the floor; touching the foot or hand on the floor, rail, or any part of the room, or riding inside a track base was a "foul," and a contestant making a foul was to start a second time, but a second foul barred him from the race. Mr. Clark, of Chelsea, first mounted his steed and completed his task in 3:23 without making a foul. Mr. Goddard then tried his skill, but started so slow that he went to the floor on the first round. Trying again, he was more successful, reaching the line in 3:34, beating his predecessor by eleven seconds. G. W. Marsh, of Chelsea, was the next contestant. He did his prettiest, but on the homestretch ventured to steady himself with his foot, and had to try again. The second time he did better and made his distance in 4:02, which was the best time in the race. Messrs. Reynolds, of Roxbury, and Moore, of Boston, tried their skill, but each failed on the homestretch. Mr. Moore, in his trial moved very slowly, making two circuits in a little more than three minutes. Mr. Gardner made a foul on the second round, but on the next trial succeeded in accomplishing the distance in 3:13. Master Sanford did a little better than his predecessor, making the distance in 3:18 on the second trial. Mr. Hamblin, of East Boston, tried his skill at slow riding, but made a bad fall on the home turn. In the next trial he was more successful and came in in 3:54½.

The second race was now called, and Mr. W. R. Hamblin, of East Boston, and Mr. Clark, of Chelsea, mounted their bicycles for a match race, for a purse of $100, distance one mile, or twenty-four times around the hall. The riders were placed at opposite sides of the course, and both started at the word "go." Amid cries of "Go it, Chelsea!" "Hurrah for East Boston!" and the like, the contestants put forth their muscle. On the tenth round Clark went down and East Boston stock rose for a second, but only for a second, for almost instantly Hamblin was down by the side of Clark, and the grand scramble was to see who would mount first. Clark was first in the saddle, but his steed was unsteady and Hamblin was abreast of him. Clark having the inside track passed in front of his competitor and gained a little, but on the twentieth circuit down he went again, and Hamblin went by him. East Boston stock was up and kept rising as Hamblin bowled around once or twice ahead of Clark; but prosperity must have a fall, and on the last round Hamblin fell again, but was instantly mounted and away he sped, succeeding in reaching home in advance of his competitor. He was declared the winner in 4:52. Walter Brown was time-keeper. During the evening Mrs. Harris furnished instrumental music, and two songs were sung by B. S. Ally, of Salem. After the races there was a grand exhibition of miscellaneous riding by about twenty-five or thirty of the frequenters of the establishment.

Another contest occurred at the gallery located in Riddle's carriage warehouse, on the evening of the 10th inst., and, though the weather was unpleasant, quite a large number of persons were present to witness the sport. Two races were announced, one of which was for fast and the other for slow time. The latter did not take place, however, and in the first race, distance half a mile, there were five entries. The prize was a silver medal, bearing on one side the figure of a bycicle and on the other an appropriate inscription. Of the five contestants N. A. Thompson, Jr., showed himself the most expert, completing the half mile, or eight and one-half circuits of the gallery, in 2:17, and beating the next best competitor by five seconds. Thompson maintained his equilibrium throughout the task, while the others fell several times, some of the falls being bad ones, and at the close of the contest the prize medal was awarded the winner.

VELOCIPEDE RACE.—A trial of skill in velocipede propulsion took place at Riddle's Riding School, Haymarket Square, Boston, on Saturday evening, 6th inst., for a silver goblet valued at $25, seven experts competing. A half mile course was measured off, it requiring eight and one-half circuits of the hall to make that distance. At 8 o'clock the course was cleared, and the contestants called for an exhibition of their abilities. The first to show his skill was Mr. J. Clifford, who propelled his machine round the course in 2:29½, without a slip. Mr. A. W. Brown was the next called, but he withdrew after the first turn, making two bad falls in that distance. Mr. N. A. Thompson, Jr., then tried his hand (and feet), swinging round the circle very prettily, making the half mile in 2:21¾. Mr. Orrin Tweed was the next to mount the "fiery, untamed steed," which he sent rattling round the course, his time being the best shown during the race—2:21. He made a bad fall, which of course lengthened his score.

Mr. F. R. Blandford was the next customer, and although he escaped the floor, his time was the longest, being 2:33. Mr. G. F. Davis then tried his strength, but made one slip and came in in 2:23, riding very easily and smooth. The last contestant was a lad named John Delano, who handled his machine superbly, although he fell on the first turn. He performed eight circuits of the course in 2:10, and in turning the short angle for the last half circuit he made a very bad tumble, from which it was impossible for him to recover in season. Had he not met with this accident he must have won the race by three or four seconds. He was loudly applauded for his achievement. At the conclusion of the race Mr. Tweed, the winner, was presented with the prize by the judges.

SHE STILL LIVES.—Some time ago we noticed a rumor to the effect that Madame Moers, otherwise known as Annie Gibbons, had died from over-exertion at Chittenango. [illegible] which is proven incorrect by [illegible]

IMPORTANT ONE HUNDRED YARDS RACE.

Early on the afternoon of Feb. 20th the rail and road were extensively patronized, and cabs, heavily-laden omnibuses and a crowded high road betokened that an event of more than ordinary importance was about to be decided at the Royal Oak Park Grounds, Manchester, Eng. The cause of this unusual excitement was a race of one hundred yards for £50 a side between J. Hancock, of Salford, and George Wootton, of Stratford, which was regarded with peculiar interest from the fact that the latter was an undefeated (in matches) and promising ped, while the former, "Old Jem," had been on the shelf for sometime. Hancock was trained by T. Barlow. When he followed his ordinary business he was a striker in an iron foundry, and he weighed 160lbs. Wootton is a shoemaker by trade, his stature is 5ft. 5¾in., and his weight was 122lbs. The betting opened at evens on Hancock, subsequently it rose to 5 to 4 on him, after which 6 to 4 was laid, and then 7 to 4 was offered.

On the men proceeding to the mark, Wootton stripped in excellent condition, and having won the toss, decided he should run next to the railing, he then having Hancock on his left, who also unrobed himself, and his condition reflected credit on his trainer. Mr. Cooper having taken his position as referee, these renowned men toed the mark, and Hancock first came away from the crease, this effort in the eyes of many predicting success, notwithstanding that the odds were 2 to 1 against him. After the stipulated 20 minutes had elapsed, in which they were allowed to go by mutual consent, Mr. Cooper appointed E. Eastwood, of Rochdale, to fire the pistol. At length by pistol there celebrated pedestrians were seat away to an admirable start, though Wootton, being quicker on foot, gained about half a yard advantage. He was closely pursued by Hancock, but it was evident to an impartial observer that Wootton had the event in hand before he had covered 30 yds. at the prescribed distance. Wootton still kept in advance, and at the half distance the favorite led by nearly one yard, Hancock's energies thus early appearing to fail him. Shortly afterwards Wootton, confident of success, half turned and waved his hand to his opponent. Victory was then sure, and though Wootton abated speed, he, in the last 30 yards, put on a good spurt, and beat Hancock by two yards and a half, never having been put to his true running on the way. This race cannot be considered remarkably fast, inasmuch as the "Scythebearer" denoted that it had occupied a trifle over 11 seconds.

A VETERAN PEDESTRIAN COMING OVER.—The English sporting press notice the intended departure, in April next, of the old and well known pedestrian, Mountjoy, for this country. It is stated that he will be accompanied by a well known sportsman, and on his arrival will throw down the gauntlet to Weston, to walk any distance, or which covers the most ground in 7, 14 or 21 days, for any sum. "Old Mount" is now in the 67th year of his age, and should Weston be distnclined to risk his laurels (?) in an encounter with him, perhaps Uncle Bill Tovee will tackle the old vet.

OTTAWA SNOW SHOE CLUB.—The race meeting of this Canadian club was held on the 6th inst. Hannum won the two miles in 13:13; Kavanaugh the mile in 6:33; Hannum the quarter mile in 1:25; Kavanaugh the hurdle race in 18:16; Hannum the half in 3:23; dash, McKay, in 14:13; Corcoran the consolation race, quarter of a mile, in 1:50.

MESSRS. SHERWIN, WHIPPLE & CO., of the Hub of the Universe, have opened a school of instruction for those who wish to add velocipedology to their other accomplishments, at the City Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa. We understand the Smokeites patronize the institution very well.

THOMAS GREEN has erected a wooden building 155 feet long by 40 feet wide, well lighted, at Lynn, Mass., which he has devoted to the use of the velocipede.

BILLY KENDALL wants to run any man in Cleveland or Cuyahoga county, Ohio, 300 yards, for a century.

BASE BALL.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB vs. JOHN RADCLIFF, Jr.

FULL PARTICULARS OF THE CASE, WITH A COPY OF THE CONTRACT.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1869.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER.—The attention of our Board of Managers having been called to a card of Jno. Radcliff, Jr., in your issue of the 6th inst., they have requested me to furnish you with a correct statement of this unfortunate difficulty.

The affair may be said to have originated during our western tour of last year, when (we have since been informed) Radcliff was in constant communication with the Mutual Club, of your city, with a view of negotiating an engagement with them. After we had returned from the west but a short time he one day very suddenly and mysteriously left for New York to complete his arrangements with the Mutuals, although he had, up to that time, repeatedly promised us that he would remain with our club until the close of that season. When the fact of his departure became known to us we immediately dispatched a committee to your city to endeavor to induce him to return, and a sum of $300 was raised by private subscription to effect this result.

Our committee having had an interview with him, he determined not to join the Mutuals, and upon the faith of this promise Mr. John Abel, one of the committee, advanced to him a certain sum of money, with instructions "to pay all his debts in New York and return to Philadelphia the following day." The next day he *did* come to this city, but *without paying his debts*, the money given him for that purpose having been put to other uses. A draft for $100 was thereupon sent by us to Mr. Wilsey (being the amount advanced him by the Mutuals), and another party was started to New York by us with additional funds, to make a second attempt to liquidate his debts. Indeed, so treacherous was Radcliff's memory in this respect, that it was not until we had arrived on the Union Grounds, to play the Atlantics, in September, that the name of the last of his unfortunate creditors became known to us, and his final debt paid.

The sum given Radcliff ($500), in consideration of his returning to this city, was not, as he had stated, for *salary*, but it was a *gift*, but was, as we have stated above, raised entirely by *private subscription*, and did not come out of the treasury of the club. It was a matter entirely

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Burlesque and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

C. B. Hicks, Dan Shelby, Henry Sparks (2), Wm. Ashton, Willie Budd, Edward Green, E. T. J. Alyne (2), Ben. Brown (2), Sylvester Bleecker (2), F. Ganem, Harry Bloodgood, Charlie Allen, Harry Watkins, Dan Rice (2), Morgan (2), Edward Hanlon (3), John Bowden, Cool Burgess, Wm. A. Ayres, James H. Mulligan, N. D. Roberts (2), J. H. Carter, James Boulard, E. J. Mack (24 cts.), J. Allen Cornwell, C. H. Dupree, Billy Austin, George Castelle, Ole Bull, J. E. Hartel, J. Melton, J. T. Hinds, Charles Gardner, Charles Mere, Clarence Burk, John Keegan, Fred Melville, Harry Morest, Bob Evans, E. H. Cramer, Joseph Pfau, Edwin Barry, E. L. Peak, Eugene Leach, Warren Bordwell, D. O. Hunter, T. A. Ames, Comical Brown, Kate Foster, Mrs. Bevins, May Fisk (2), Mary Cavanagh, Anna Atkins, Anna Trewalla, Mrs. Johanna Atkinson, Anna Sheffield, Nellie Nelson, Alice Seidler,

W. H. Wilton, A. Biancacianti (2), Clarionett (2), Bidwell & Locke, James Quinn, Delmon Grace, Chas. Heywood, P. G. W. Gates, P. H. Bailey (2), Jacob Reed, Walter Bray (2), John S. Murphy, Rollin Howard (2), Thos. G. Roberts, Gustave Bidaux, R. H. Armstrong (2), Fred Berger, J. W. Shannon, J. R. Blum, Geo. W. Howard, Jos. Norton, W. H. Maxwell, E. A. Thomas, C. L. Banks, Robert Johnston, Henry Seymour, Frank Ufner, Harvey Paul, Dr. Thayer, Wallace Britton, W. J. Ferguson, Barry Aldeu, Robert Johnson, J. C. Myers, Harry St. Leon, Geo. W. Howard, D. H. Harkins, W. M. Allen, C. W. Couldock, Harry Davis, M. C. Doright, Harry Gurr, R. B. Richards, Billy Sheppard, J. H. Mulligan, George Sands, Arnold Jones, Manager C., Kate Hajblo's, Mrs. M. J. Burroughs Jennie Benson, Mrs. J. L. Williams, Fanny B. Price, Ada Newton, Clara Miller, Josephine Stradell, Carrie Weston, Mrs. S. A. Nash (2), May Arlington (2), Florence Bellinger,

Harry Robinson, W. A. Gregston, James C. Pope, Aurelius Kleist, C. H. Mathews, Samuel May, Cal. Wagner, T. H. Jefferson (3), Beaumont Duhring, P. J. McCrillis, J. L. N. Williams, W. H. Power, McKean Buchanan, Ben. Maginley, R. P. J. Harry Gilbert, Mike Austin, D. E. Ralton, Leon De Berger, Henry Goldie, T. Griffin, Harry French, John Holtum, Harry Raynor, John Browne, Henry Miller, Charles Hick, Harry Stanwood, W. J. Ferguson, T. L. Fitch, C. B. Griste, O. B. Collins, Major Lindley, John H. Rogers, Marsden Perry, J. C. Robinson, John Williams, Harry Morest, Henri Stuart, Ed. C. Davenport, Ted O'Brien, Killian Jordan, J. W. Lanergan, W. H. Taylor, E. S. Sullivan, Gustave Bidaux, Lew Benedict. Addie Granell, Naomi Porter (3), Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Sarah Belton, Nellie Boyd. Marianna Rainford, Miss Gregory, Ella Sands, Kate Brevoort, Kate Brooks, May Atkinson, Mad. Lopez (3).

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, March 15, 1869.

BY "OUR JIM."

This is writ by me, owin' to the "sewere indispishin" of me employist, who has gone to Washinton, D. C., seekin' hoom he may devour, and employment as a minister to Mexico. It wus ony a fu dase ago that I returned from me late wisit to Washinton meself, whare I had been helpin' to inorgerate Mr. Grant. It is a nobul site to see a man put thru the Presidenshil sprouts, as it ware; so notis how he stans on the brod platform like a conwicted murdrer on a gallows goin' to be hung in his trax; and tu listen, so to speke, tu his larst dyin speche and confeshin, for it must jist be as tryin for a President to fase a frownin' world on the scaffelt, at Washington, as it is for a theef or a bugler to stand up afore Recorder Hackli, and hear him pronouns his dume. But we sucseded in urgin Mister Grant thru his pases, and we made him a rooler over menny pepil without enny uther remorseness or disturbersen. As he wus a comin' in, the man at the *uthur* end of the avenoo was takin' his leeve. Andy seamd more delited at goin' out than most offs holders is, and wat was most straugist, I thort his enemees was jist as delited as hisself. I haint nothin agin Andru, as a person, for I never had no offis from him, but this much I *do* sa, he put me in mind of a old serkis chap I wonst nu, a leeper, called Waitin Ambushin, who lep so high as ter leep over hisself, wich was a verry most remarkabll a feet. I wus a good deel squoze afore I cood git out of the crowd at the inorgeration, and as I left the solem seen there was manny a flag flutterin to the breese, and the werry clowds wep as I embarkt for the home of ther brave. Ar! as I beheld the cloudlets outpourin thar overplus of moisterousness, I cood not help exclaimin with the pote:—

"Oh! wi do tha weep for me, *wi* du tha weep for me?"

.....Home agin! Ar, what elixher thare is in them tutchin words! Home agin! How menny of us thare is which haint got no home agin, nor rest for the souls of thare feet to stan' upon. How plesent, then, for them to see the portils standin' wide open to receive 'em after a long absins in prisson, or elswhare, to behold a lovin wife cummin tords you like a wild cow at a milk pale; to heer the well rememberd woices of them well springs of plasure, as a learn-ed filloniffar writ of innersent and well-disposed children. But I disgres. Thare is time for ori things, and nothin aint no respecter of persins when dooty calls.

LINES OF ME OWN COMPOSIN.

O, wot is a errin wurld to me, O wot is a dismil site,
If the hart ain't open to the calls which greets us at every site!
I'd sooner wurk on a welostpeed, at fourteen dollars a kwarter
Than live in higher consequinces without no recompens, or wurth.
Truth is a werry fadeolus crede, no man can't now be trusted,
Onless he's in the wiskee biz, menny of hoom have long since busted;
So sling yer ink, my merry merry men, this is the age of reesin—
This wurld is all a fleetin' sho, when the surkis is in seesin.
..... I hav a yeothful frend, which his name is Si Corgee. Si is a orful funny feller, and I never laf at enny body's else's jokes like I laf at his, cep me own, wich is but natcheral. I must fust premise by sayin' that Corgee is *beholdin* to me; him it was that I gev him his 1st fish ball that he ever et—one fish ball, with bred—an he's been a stedfas frend ever sins; it appeers he was in difficilte then, havin no wissibil meens of support, and never havin been a bankist, or trasurer, or ennything like that, he hadn't turnt to steel, so he was bad off, you see; in sich a obskure momint it was that I notist his pittybil condishin, and giv him that ever memrabil fish ball. Ah, them was the pammy dase of fish balls; one of 'em in them dase was a dose for a man with a plessent appytite; one of 'em would stuff a man like he was a turkey led to the slorter, and filled for a Crismas dinner, sich was the effects of fish balls in the dase of Corgee I spoek. Si wood he'd never et sich fish balls and satisfyin a meal as that. It wuz a good meel, I admit, though praps it wood sound much more creditabler to let sum uther disinterested persin sound me own praises when charity is in the skales. That fish ball kinder set him up in a manner of spekin', and made him feel like he was a nu man, fit for stratagem, spiles and so on. Then it was that his jokin' propensees shode out; then it was that Si. lumed up like a spinix, or our new bildin, not to speek in a egotistickel wain. Now, Si. is a rownder—that is, one hoom travils and nose things about town; in wiake seasons, for the purposes, and such, so I don't never assoshiate with meself, owin to me avershin to public exhibishins, if I ma be allowd to koin a wurd. Well, Si. was spendin a fu lurid moments with a 1st clas ackbres tother nite, and she ups and tells him this bon mot. Ses she, to use her own wurds, as handed down to me by me frend Si., ses she:—"I was out in the twilite doos the uther afternoon, surchin' for a stabil to hire for rent, for stabil purposes. I observed a nice place, wich I thort wood sooit, with a bill onto it, as *I* sposed, to *rent*. Wich it might not be, I of a hurry dooment or memprandum, which is a habit of short sitedness, contracted in me erlier yoothful dase, I coodn't make it out putty well. A purson was standin' by drest in the habiliments of a forrin shore. I ses to him, ses I, 'me frend, wot does that thare bill say?' illudin to the notis to rent, as *I* sposed. Turnin on me a look of mingild pitty, dis gust and pride, he ses: 'Wi, karnt yer *read?* and then castin' his brits eyes to the hill, he red out in tones like he wus a Shakespeereen ecstacy: '*Commit no nowsins*,' and then left the ses of his ezpiduts like a man wich has jist been pillited unto grate morril idear." Si tells it in such a humersom wa to wood do yer good to heer him. But moar anon, moar anon..... Tha sa that thare is a emute twixt Jon Broom and Jas Fisk joonyer, but *I* think pepil wood mind thare own bisnis better if thade tend to thare own affairs; and tha sa that owin to this disagreeabil onplessentness, a rupchure broke out between 'em of a werry ungratifyin a nacher, if reports assent erroneusness. James, it seems, has the most munny, whilst Jon hoies the best hand of brawes; tha jined them 2 morril forsis in a fite, meenin to pull together if the harnis held out, wich it didn't, as yu shall shortly see, me boys, as you shall shortly see, if i ma be pardoned for wandrin tu paschures nu. So it apeers that Jamises munny was too menny guns for Jonsis brawes, and the man of welth jostild round on the stage like he was monark of awl he surwade, and made yuse of uncomfortabil allushins and masterly insinuashins to Jon, hoom was dumbfoundered at the remarx of his co-partner, and wodent bleeve his own ise, don't yu see. Jon tride to pla a bold game, but his intelleck was wade in his ballins agin the other parter's mite of awl evil, and the brawes went up in a ballune, to the disma and dettrygment of the geneyal Jon, as he is flatterinly stiled, and to the infinite delite of the bondman. So geneyal Jon wamooses the ranch werry sune. I nevver yit nu an instans whare the mopieses diddent in over branes, if I ma make so boldness as to yuse a sportin' frase. I hav sufferd jist as the geneyal won has sufferd, for munny, in the hands of another party, who plade it agin my hed work, wich cast me on me beem ends, to tork as a saler of the deep, sent me hier than a paist kite, and left me welrin in me gouts, to note from the clastic rutthers of the da. But I nevver diddent rite ne letters to the newspapers, and I wood advise me geneyal frend and brother humorist, not to do so nuther; it doesent pa, and brings the hole strenth of the press agin him, it will be observed. A few febtil lines I indite, as a

WARNIN TO JON.

Deer Jon, take mi advise, of letters nare rite anuther—
I giv it to you cheerfully, jest as a friend and bruther—
Becors, as yu ma planely see, it don't du enny use,
But holds yu up to entich's scorn, ill hearts that see it's abuse.
Then a word from as yu du a dose of sickenin caster ile,
Els yu will find yure genuleness with papers sune will spile.
End of Verse.

.....I doant wish to bore yu, like a augur, but I submit a fu conundrims as a marx of mi respex for yure seemin attenshin and wizeness in perusin of them dicatribes, if such langwidg is persplquuosness cnuff to dewellip me meenin. The fust is in these wurds, and mark me well, as his father's goast werry feelinly remarkt to Mister Hamlet, as he wokt out be the lite of the mune, so merrily singin' this ole tune, as ded and gon Daddy Rice yoost to as when his blume was on the ri:—"Wi is 2 prize fiters, flum for 2 hunderd dollars a side, in a 24 foot roapi arsena, ackordin to the latest rools of the P. R. A. (but contrarece to the lors of the land which no sientifick pepil but pugilists nerver gis pade, which is a imitashin) like the fare of our war worn fellers, whom fit into the mast resent revverlooshin, and are playin orgins and faro in in the printsippil cittees of this happy and grateful republick?" "Becors thare rash tuns." I hev cort a colt onto me stummick, wich presents me usuual fio of sperits, but in the absynthe of the uther man I tri tu du mi duty, and keep his end up to the best of me abillytees with a colt on to me stummick, and a sourress to me nose, wich a tallo candil mite kure if candils was ony in fashin as tha wonst was, thanks to the mashersnashins of a graspin monnopperies of gas men. An' spekin of graspin monnopperies, "wi is a tellegraf opperrator, in the enjoyment of a healthy sallery of 2 dollars a da of 16 hours, and findin' his own will lee and close —wi is sich a condemn opperrator always poor?" "Becors he livs on *tick!*" In gropin thru the privit drors and clossits of me distinct boss, I cum across a skellertin of a conumdrim wich he is probly bludin on, hopin to fil it out, and pass it on as his own sum da. As he steels a good deel of his best jokes from sni overdoin bodge it, I don't think it wont be no sin nor indictabil offens if I just finish it meself, and giv it to yu in advans of our contemporraries:—"Wi is a werry smal man, with his yeer to a keehole in a dore of a rume where it hearts that best as I is perin out thare love for each uther in tones that burn and looks with spete, lyin to each uther by makin promises of undyin' ..... ter of the hunnymune is sol—why is

Such a persin like a wery careless boy rollin off a roof?" "Becors hees a eeves dropper." .....I had a good joak onto the boss larst Saturdee nite. Yu will bare in mind that like the welthy actress who couldn't reed "commit no nonsina," as narrated in a previous porshin of this artikil, he is a trifil off in his site, and carnt alwase tel a hork from a hurnshor, if I ma be xcused for extractin' from the immortal burd of Avon, as me frend, the "Man in the Flise," ses. It was on a Satterdee, as yu will remember, and as is his wont he was a readin the religgis notises for the follering Sabbith. Directly he cums across sumthin wich struk him with surprise. "Well, *thal's* a odd subjec for Christtens," ses he, in the most sollemes of tones. "Ware is it?" ses I, peerin over his shoulder. "Here," ses he, pintin to a *ad* notis in the religis collum of the *Herald*:—"An Address on China and its *Clams*, by Rev. Dr. Adams, of Madderson Square Presbeterean Church." "Lemme see," ses I, chokin with lafture; and lookin' at the notis I red alloud:—"An Address on Chaney and its Clames on Chrischins of Nu York!" Yer nevver see noboddy that felt as cheep as the boss did. He giv me a shirt stud nevver to say nothink about it, and I haint.....Sucksesful Shakespeereean plase, as now renderd, isn't by no meens profitabil to manidgers, if a breef chronicler of the times is to be bleeved, for he ses, ses he, notwithstandin Wallick's "Much Adoo About Nothink" has drawn good houses, it netted the manidger 5 thousand dollars loss! I dout not this is owin to the costlyness of the xpens of puttin it onto the stage, and providin good close for the poor players, as Si Corgee calls perfeshnal peepil.....Si cum to me tother da, and ses he, "I've just cum from a concert seller down Willyum street, and I never seen such a full ordients in orl me life." "Oh, sho," ses I, hoos had seen 4 hundred peepll at Barney Willyums' Brodway Theatre ony a nite or 2 previ veus, "that can't be—yure a foolin me." "Fax," ses he, "just as full a ordients as ever I see—full of layger beer!" I *hate* a man to pla off his trix on me—I doant mind makin fun of others, meself, but I disgrast any one hoom trise thair pranx on me, an' I doant care hoo nose it.....I hed almose forgot me frend, the "Man in the Flise," hoos commontaters on to Shakespeere's worx has made his name famis warever the inglish langwidge is spoke, or civil and religgus libberty has a footholt on to the bethun and unsivilised soil. Shakespeere is in him wat "Foxes Book of Marters" is to our fithi eddifier, hoom revels in deedes of blud and sangwinaryousness, and hoom is never at peese ony when he heers the conflick of battil, and sees the deserlashin of crool war. I have never seed nothink so eddyfyin or intrestin as the 'Man in the Flise" explanashin of diffykilt passidges in Shake wich has heretofore perplexi me amasinly. It's like purl before swine to rede his butyful essase, and I never fale tu commit to memry his briliyent effushins. He's a hed and shoulder abuv Mr. Stuart, or Mr. Winter, or Mister Daly, or Mr. Otterssen, or Dyin Boassycolt, or enny of them shinin lites in the dramatick firmyment of arts. He is wurtheer of a better persishin then to be a man in the flise all his life, shet out frum the wurld excep such communycashin as he is favored with thru the numerous collums of the NU YORK CLIPPER. Ware is our publick speretted men that tha doant offer him a complementary bennyfit, and take him kompleatly by surprise by presentin him with a silver tea survis for his invallubil services in the cos of the legitimit drammer? I ask nothin for my own contribushins to the litterary wurld, but I *du* sa that the man in the flise is deservin of better tretement. Read the follerin xquisit moreso, wich it is the latest disquisishin from

THE MAN IN THE FLISE.

MISTER EDITOR CLIPTER.—We be livin jus now in a state o beatific injoyment. Everythink around us as a hodor of Shakspier, and we perfessionals oo ave so long been obliged to prostichewt our talent to please a demoralized public really begins to feel first class. No more bread an' cheese and Willanus larger, but ginerous roas beef an injuns and a pint of porter for the regulars and briled quail and champagnes for the hupper crusts o the per cession (witch I prefers am and bacon). The times is rapidly approchin were pennyfisheles will secure a unsome return from the box offis, an not be presented with a bill o expenses badditional. Let us be joyful, Erooka! The latis novilty, as you are praps aware by this time, as bin the "Mutch Adoo About Nothink," but I think it as proved mutch adoo about *somethink* to the manageers bein proved by the fact that Mister Wallick can't put forward a play but all the other theatres are after im, Tray, Blanich an Sweetart, tag, rag and bobtail, to get a chiee cut o the pi. They even goe so far as to burlesqy it. Did you ever? In this las revivle Mr. Wallick as evidently ad in view the Wimmens Rites question (witch in the other case, owever, doant seem to be *Nuptual rites*, by no means!) and likewise the pervallin sosbal troubles of the day. In this play the characters is all well chose, except Benny Dick's hunele in Messener, oo must a bin a noosance to itself an a boar to everybody—*Wickiet*, Act I scene two—

Leonaler—Did e break into tears?

Mess.—In a grate measure!

Pore fellow! E shed is tears as a drank is beer—in a great measure. Benny Dick we should take to be a sort o confidens man, for Be-at-tricks, the chief heroine of the piece, says, says she—

"E set up is bills ere in Messiner;" and E was also on the shoulder, for she says, "E challenged cupid and my uncle's fool." E was a man of sense, for again she says, oludin probly to a newspaper of the period:—"E subscribed for the Cupid;" but his bein a cannible we mus reject, allthof she speakes distinctually of the many men E as killed and eaten. About the allusion to is bein "no less than a stuffed man," the meanin, I think, is plain; Benny must a been lean and padded. Mister W. makes a shuperior Benny. The fluff of is hat espeshly is innimitable, and has for is mustarshes—ho! mi hi! no wonder Be-at-tricks was tooken with 'em. I mus say I doant think Mr. Benny was very tall cheshire, as she describes im. "In our last conflick four of is five wifs went 'altin hoff, and now the ole man is govern'd with one, without wich enough to keep inside warm—in fact a softy. And he was poor too, for "it is ail the wealth e alte left." Now aint there a helthy lover for you! Jus as if a woman was goin to throw erself away onto *im!* Yet—observ the contradichon—"e wears is faith as the fashion of is 'at—it ever changes with the nex block." So e had a hatter on every block, and bought a new at every forty paces; and yet he was poor, too! I don't bleeve Clawjoe was any better, for she says, "E will take upon im like a potater disease" (or the Ryndorpest, she mite a said, bu she didn't). E was the last man in the world to choose for a courtier. E is sassy to Be-at-tricks from the word go. In is very furst scene e accuses er of scratchin prepensities, and of bein a rare parrot teacher by the way she gives im jaw. Everybody is mutch surprised after this when Benny marries er. Jus think o the rows they must a ad the week arter—Missis Caudle wasn't no where. And such is wimmin' Has for the rest o the dramatis persony, they're none of em no great shakes, not even Dora, Edna and Adjon and the Sextant, till we come to Gustice Dogberry and is sattelights, neighbour Varges and the rest of em. Ere the intent o boath the orther and the manager is plane to the most dullest compryenshion. Shakspier, as we gleam from is biographies, was isself a roarin blade, and in the "gustice of piece and coram and ritooralorem" E undoubtedly was shampoonin (lampoonin.—JIM.) some benevulent madgistrate oo ad the audassity to arrested for bein drunk on a fete and breakin o windoes. The pleece officers comes in for a share of is wit. When Varges wouches for their bein "good men and true," E probably knew what E was talkin about, notwithstanding old Beeswax, the Gustice, thinks salvation too good for them. Two of em kin read and rite, witch is mentioned as being singular; witch we all kno' there is a great menny ligher offishials still witch they can't do as much, but that's neither ere nor there. Ow true to life is the charge of Dogberry—"Well, what was expected of us still ears an unthankful times. E charges em to comprehend all vagrom men. "And owif they will not stand?" queries the wachman. "Why, then take no notes from em, but let em go;" witch injunxion is sometimes put in practis to this blessid day. They was charged to "med le with none but the prince's subjecks," a pint in witch they aint quite so pertiklar now, but praps it's because there is so few subjecks left to meddle with. They was charged to "make no noise in the streets, for the watch to bable and talk is tolerable and not to be endured." What the ainser—"We will rather sleep than talk." Ow delicht the hiromp! Ear Justice Dogberry agen:—"You speke like an ancient and most fish-like wachman, for I can't see ow sleeping kan offend; only ave a care that your bills be not stolen"—showin that in those times pieecemen *did* carry bills about with em—praps to a considerable amount; witch isn't the case now—not much I reckon! Is insrucshions with regard to fellers that gets ow-come-you-so ccasshually is reliddiously followed to this day, for E shuts em up if they're obstropulous and lets em severely alone; and thecve E treats with the silent contemp which E deserves to be, and lets em go as quick as it possibl, for fear E might defile em. But I ave not room jes now to perticklerize on all the beauties of the emortle piece, and Misses Slatherslick, mi landlady, his flourishin of er whitewash brush about my hears, and wornin me that it is time to clean up in readiness for the first of May. An analysis of Arry Placeed's performants of this karacter may not, owever, be unacceptable Arry was, praps, the best that ever played into this part, unless it might be Ackett—oom I never saw in it. Is make up was a picture, and has for is readin—but I'll tackle that part o the subjec some other time. YOORN.

LENT'S CIRCUS takes almost as well in Lent as at other times. We passed an evening with our sawdust friends on the 9th inst., and were well pleased with the show. The Rizarelli Brothers seem to be the great cards at this establishment, and certainly their flying trapeze act is one of the most beautiful, graceful and skillful gymnastic performances ever witnessed. It surpasses all similar acts or xampillaeorstation exhibitions, as they have been designated, and casts the Hanlons of dying act completely in the shade. One of the performers fell to the ring, but we were pleased to see, as a net is spread beneath the swings for just such emergencies, he alighted first on the netting, then rolled off into the ring, striking one of his feet against the entrance gate to the ring, but sustaining no injury. They also did an acrobatic ground act, but in this they did not show to equal advantage, their feats and the manner of performing them being far inferior to similar performances given by the Hanlons and others we have seen. The aerial swing is their strong point, and in this they excel. Mad. Rolland's pad act was not well done, but Robert Stickney's was. This young man is one of the best riders in the business, and he is equally clever as a leaper, his high leaps and double somersaults meeting with well-deserved tokens of approbation. This week M'lle Carlotta De Berg and J. E. Cook are to make their first appearance this season at Lent's; their equestrian performances will greatly add to the interest of an already well selected programme. The *matinees* at this place on Wednesday and Saturday have become quite a necessity, being attended by large and fashionable audiences.

"SCHOOL" begins at Wallack's this evening, and presuming that the piece will draw well, let us caution theatre goers against the ticket speculators who infest this house, and whose representations as to the locale called for by their tickets are not always correct. And let the ushers take a lesson in politeness and attention to their business while "School" is in session.

GRAU'S "LIFE IN PARIS" bouffe opera is not to be produced at the French Theatre until Easter Monday, 29th inst. Bouffe Opera is somewhat shaky just now, and Grau does well to bide his time.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL AGENCY AT LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.—By a series of cards published in another column, it will be seen that an Anglo-American Theatrical and Musical Agency has been established in Liverpool, England, by H. Lavenu, through whom engagements may be negotiated for on both sides of the Atlantic.

"DON CESSAR DE BAZAN" was presented at the Theatre Comique on the 8th inst. It was very well placed upon the stage so far as mounting the piece was concerned, but the cast was not a strong one. Mr. Boniface did well as the gay Don Cesar, but the next best played part was that of Lazarillo by Miss Dickey Lingard. This young lady has had, we are told, very little experience on the stage, and is therefore deserving of considerable praise for the excellent manner in which she played this *role*. She is possessed of a good figure, a pleasing face, and a good, clear voice, and gives promise of future excellence. Miss Dunning did fairly as Maritana. She should correct a fault she has of talking too fast. What little time she has been here, she has made rapid progress in her profession. Harry St. Leon as the King, and Conway Cox as Don Jose, were bad. Mr. Lingard followed the drama in his sketches and statues, after which the burlesque of "Pluto" was given. Lena Edwin, having recovered from her late sickness, resumed the *role* of Eurydice, lately performed by Annie Wood, and J. K. Kruger appeared as Pluto, previously played by Mr. Lingard. Mr. George Atkins, to whom much of the success of this burlesque is due for his excellent performance of Clotilda, closed at this house on the 13th inst. Business was very good all the past week. P. E. Connolly is engaged at this house on the stage, superintending the stage department.

WE ARE authorized to state that Jennie Kimball will not appear in the "Tempest," at the Opera House, as announced by us in our last. We obtained the former statement from the lady herself.

FRED LAWRENCE, who has been traveling in advance for the Hanlon Combination all the season, concluded his engagement in Norfolk, Va., and arrived in this city on the 13th inst.

JAMES M. NIXON, the well known circus manager, arrived in this city on the 13th, after an extended tour with the Castello Circus through the west and southwest.

OWEN FAWCETT, the popular low comedian of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, has been engaged by Mr. Lingard for his summer season in Boston, at Selwyn's Theatre, and the Theatre Comique, this city.

THE ACTUAL SEATING AND CROWDING CAPACITY OF OUR THEATRES.—Mr. McGregor, the Superintendent of Public Buildings of this city, has just published his annual report, by which we learn that he has been giving the theatres much of his attention concerning the modes of egress in case of fire, the safety of the building itself, what the seating capacity *ought to be*, and the number of people admitted greater than what ought to be permitted for public safety. The statement of the seating capacity has been copied in the *Herald*, and, as Mr. McGregor's table is not a correct one, so far as to the *actual seating capacity*, we have concluded to give a table of, not what the house *ought* to hold according to McGregor, but the number of people that have frequently had seats in the house, we having on several occasions *counted the number of persons as they occupied the seats*, and not as Mr. McGregor has by measuring the length of the benches and allowing a space of eighteen inches in width to each person, when it is known that on a holiday night much crowding is resorted to, and persons occupy but from fourteen to fifteen inches. This difference is considerable when measuring a theatre. To prove that our former statements in regard to the seating capacities of theatres are correct, we have made this explanation, so that parties may understand why there should occur such a difference between our report and that of the inspector, who is also in error in regard to the greatest number of people admitted at one time. This is explained as follows:—Those parties at the theatres who gave the returns knew that Mr. McGregor's object in enquiring was to try and secure the passage of a law preventing managers from admitting any more people than could be comfortably seated, none to be allowed to stand in the aisles or crowd up the lobbies, and therefore put the number much lower than is actually the case. We herewith present our readers with two tabular statements as to the seating capacity, etc., of the theatres. The first is Mr. McGregor's report, and the last one is our special report, and which can be relied on.

MR. McGREGOR'S TABULAR STATEMENT.

The following table will show the number of persons each theatre is seated for, the largest number of persons that have been admitted therein at one time, with the excess over the number for which the same are constructed:—

THEATRES.	Parquet.	First Tier.	Second Tier.	Third Tier.	Prin. Boxes.	Total.	Largest No. outside of seats at one time.	Excess.
Stadt	780	510	497	494	196	2,483	3,100	617
Bowery	732	340	545	476	24	1,970	3,000	1,030
Pastor's	483	315	none.	none.	6	807	1,100	293
Broadway	544	344	280	none.	44	1,212	2,200	988
San Francisco	564	360	none.	none.	11	935	1,200	265
Comique	406	231	244	none.	24	905	1,203	298
Niblo's	814	471	515	none.	24	1,823	3,500	1,677
Olympic	561	327	361	none.	34	1,304	1,950	646
Ky & Leon's	469	331	none.	none.	20	820	1,200	380
New York	509	562	191	none.	18	1,085	1,702	617
Wallack's	490	335	513	none.	42	1,510	2,000	890
Circus	406	Res'd	671	circle	none.	1,077	1,200	123
Steinway H'l	1,146	403	359	none.	none.	1,908	3,000	1,092
Tammany	868	643	none.	none.	none.	1,511	*	*
Bryants'	644	343	none.	none.	24	710	1,300	590
Acad. Music	862	406	545	none.	160	1,971	*	*
Wood's	567	299	398	none.	44	1,318	2,300	1,082
Booth's	522	441	311	443	48	1,765	2,700	935
Grand Opera	826	359	470	none.	48	1,803	3,100	1,297
Fenno	643	300	416	246	71	1,676	3,000	1,324
Brougham's	338	211	216	none	36	801	1,050	249
Total						29,321	39,320	13,681

* The Academy of Music being frequently used for grand balls, and people going in and out at all hours, the largest number of persons admitted at one time, and the time consumed in leaving the building, cannot easily be computed.

THE CLIPPER'S TABLE, FROM ACTUAL COUNT.

	Parquet	First Circle.	Second Circle.	Third Circle,	Priv. Boxes.	Total
Stadt	980	575	810	550	140	3,015
Bowery	625	400	360	360	30	2,450
				Gal'y, 675		
Tony Pastor's	780	393	—	—	18	1,194
Broadway	585	349	328	—	40	1,301
San Francisco	555	550	—	—	10	915
Theatre Comique	446	315	220	—	24	1,005
Niblo's	814	571	651	—	32	2,078
Olympic	740	367	480	—	38	1,625
Waverly	157	305	575	—	16	1,043
New York	560	460	230	—	34	1,294
Wallack's	661	455	560	—	43	1,643
Opera House	—	1,053	—	—	—	1,053
Irving Hall	1,026	175	—	—	—	1,201
Steinway Hall	1,166	433	389	—	—	1,988
Tammany	1,080	850	—	—	—	1,950
Bryants'	491	250	—	—	16	746
Academy Music	1,035	410	658	—	160	2,303
Wood's Museum	657	338	340	—	24	1,339
Booth's	551	441	311	436	48	1,748
Opera House	996	390	540	—	48	1,974
French Theatre	648	418	286	—	206	1,558
Brougham's	338	220	392	—	33	982
Dodworth Hall	640	—	—	—	—	640

In regard to the greatest number of people admitted at any one time at some of the above named places, Mr. McGregor has been misinformed, as the following will prove. On the occasion of Joe Coburn's benefit at the Stadt Theatre, about a month ago, 4,200 people were admitted. The first night "Dame Trot" was performed at the Old Bowery, by G. L. Fox, 3,818 tickets were taken up at the door, besides the usual number of D. H.'s that passed in. On Christmas night over 4,000 human beings gained admission to Niblo's Garden. The same evening the Olympic sold 3,650 tickets. The New York Circus has had 2,480 people in at one performance, and on the opening night of the Tammany there were within a few of 5,000 people present, and at the first Saturday *matinee* and night over 8,000 gained admittance. Mr. McGregor, in his report, says:—"During the year I have caused notices to be served upon the managers of theatres and places of public amusement, calling their attention to the provisions of the law prohibiting the use of camp-stools, etc., in the aisles and passage ways, and have detailed officers of the department to see that the provisions of the law are strictly adhered to. The notice was generally complied with, but in a few instances I was obliged to resort to the courts to compel obedience. The law gives the Superintendent of Buildings authority to serve a notice upon the owners, lessees, or managers of theatres, directing any act or thing to be done in and about the arrangement of the buildings, such as halls, doors, stairs, windows, aisles, and escapes, necessary to afford the greatest possible security to the public. But, as many of these places are situated on the rear of the lot, and have only a narrow passageway through the front building leading to them, this fact, taken in connection with the manner in which their internal arrangements were originally executed, will render it very difficult to afford sufficient egress from these buildings. In others, important and practical improvements can be made; and when the plans are all completed, I will direct such things to be done as the circumstances in each case will admit. There is one matter, however, which I regard as of the utmost importance to the public, who frequent places of public amusement, however well provided with means of egress in case of fire or accident, and that is the passage of a law prohibiting the admission of a greater number of persons than the building is capable of seating, thus leaving all the aisles and passage ways entirely free from obstruction. The constant practice of crowding the aisles and passage ways by admitting persons when every seat in the house is taken, is one of the great evils of our places of public amusement, both endangering life in case of fire or accident, and rendering the building unsafe by subjecting it to a greater weight than it was originally designed to sustain, and unless it is prohibited and strictly forbidden, will some day result in a frightful loss of life. I cannot too strongly urge this matter upon the attention of the legislature, as I am convinced from actual examination that a great reform is needed, and one which the interest of the public actually demands."

"THE SEVEN DWARFS, OR HARLEQUIN AND THE WORLD OF WONDERS," is the title of a pantomime produced at the Old Bowery Theatre on the 8th inst. The story is that of a youthful Princess, who was loved by a wicked Magician, but who was spurned. By the power of his magic art he changed the Princess into a silver swan, conveyed her many leagues from the city to a cavern, in the centre of which he had an enchanted aviary. In this place he remained until she would consent to be his. This magician had under his control seven dwarfs, capable of every cruelty. A fairy determined to thwart the intentions of the magician. In her chariot she seeks the wise astrologers in the burning mountain for their protection for the Prince, the heir to the throne of Siam. The Prince, who was enamored of the Princess, is also her out. She being assured that the Prince and Princess should be protected from the magician's machinations, the fairy glides away. The Prince visits Matalskoff, the Seer of the Burning Mountain, who presents him with a silver globe, which, upon casting to the ground and following its course, would lead him to triumph. Toreypugmagnanimous, the Emperor of Siam, and the Grand Vizier go to the Burning Mountain, and, in company with the Prince, start on their journey. They are told to avoid the drinking of magic wine, or will be changed into stone. They journey on, meeting with all kinds of obstacles, and enter the cave of the Seven Dwarfs, where they are tempted to drink and eat, and are led off by the dwarfs. The magician transforms the swan again into the Princess. Again refusing to wed him, she is transformed into a swan. The Emperor and the Vizier enter the cave, and being overcome with liquor, are turned into blocks of stone; the Prince releases the Princess; the earth opens and swallows the monsters. The Fairy with her wand strikes the Seer of the Mountain to the earth, and the blocks of stone are changed to Clown, Pantaloon and Sprite, and then commences the harlequinade. The scene is the Port of Liverpool, where a number of accidents occur to all parties. The next scene is a market tower, where most wondrous changes occur, such as turning a load of hay into two locomotives and two trains of cars; a pigeon house into cauldrons of stewed pigeons, a cow into a dairy and a pump into a table, all laid with cloth and dishes. Here Clown and Harlequin indulge in gunpowder tea, which sets Clown up higher than a kite. The next scene is the Quay of Dublin, where Clown and Harlequin have gone into making soup on a cheap plan, and other comic incidents occur. Scene eighth is an Irish farm yard, in which is introduced the scene from the Irish drama of "Ireland as it Is," when the agent is turning out a family because they have not paid the rent. In this an attempt is made to represent the sudden growth of potatoes, but potatoes do not grow as high as corn. Eight ladies appear as girls, and four as boys, in an Irish jig. A sudden transformation changes the scene to the cabin of a steamship, which is a very cleverly arranged tableau. The next scene is a representation, on one side, of a temperance house, and the other a liquor store, and it is amusing to see those who have signed the pledge in the former fall over to the other side at the smell of old rye. A good representation is then given of a gambling saloon. Here some of the best tricks of the pantomime are presented—tables

ormerly of De Bar's. The 'Lancashire Lass' is underlined for this evening.....At the St. Charles Theatre Fanny Jananschek concluded her engagement on Sunday, March 7th, to a very large house. The play was 'Macbeth.' Miss J spoke her part in German, while the company repeated the English of Shakespeare's production.....Mrs. Lander opened at De Bar's on the 8th in 'Maria Antoinette. The cast was fair, and the performance good; but the play failed to draw a full house. To-night 'Marie' will be repeated.....At the Opera House, business has been fair Mons. Perot's benefit has, for a second time, been postponed on account of the sudden illness of Mons. P.....At the Academy of Music the houses have been fair Delle Boyd and Maude St. Leone, who failed to attract good audiences at the National Theatre a short time since in their dramatic readings, have become favorites with the patrons of the Academy The 'Female Forty Thieves' and 'Brave Girls of the South' have been the attractions the past week, the Misses Boyd and St. Leone appearing in both pieces, in conjunction with Jennie Engle, Kate Quinton, Hannah Birch, Messrs. Cavanaugh, Pastor, McAndrews, Ralph, Mons. Carlella, Annetti Galletti, and *corps de ballet*. To-night Billy Pastor is out for a benefit. A new face has been added to the Academy company in the person of Fanny Stocqueler, who made her bow on the 8th

CHARLES FURNISH has secured a dramatic company to play 'As it Stand as it Was.' "Robert Emmet," and "Nan," at Fall River Mass., on the 17th inst. Georgie Langley, a popular Western actress, plays Judy O'Trot and Nan.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICALS.—Our Pacific Slope items are up to Feb. 23d, under which date a correspondent, writing from San Francisco, says:—"Maguire's Opera House was opened Feb. 20th (having been closed one week for repairs with Hartz, the Illusionist. He is very clever, and beats Holl-er all to pieces, though he lacks the volubility of that gentleman. The house has been crowded every evening, and everybody is pleased with Hartz.....At the New California Theatre 'Rosedale' was brought out on Feb. 22d. Robertson's comedy of 'David Garrick,' with Barrett in the title *role*, was well received. Harry Edwards, after being confined to his room with a severe attack of rheumatism, appeared in the farce of 'A Rowland for an Oliver,' and was warmly received. 'Rosedale' has been carefully produced, though an improvement might be made by substituting Harry Edwards for young Mestayer, who is playing the part of Col. May..... Jennie Arnat and R. G. Marsh are playing at the Alhambra Theatre. .....Wilson's Circus is in full blast, and John is jubilant.....The Olympic Theatre is preparing for Ben Cotton and Oceana .....At the Theatre Comique the Martinetti family are doing their pantomines to large audiences.....Johnny Mack, the minstrel, left on the last steamer for New York,.....William Stevenson, formerly treasurer at the Opera House, has turned real estate broker.....Miss Geraldine Worden will take a complimentary benefit at the Metropolitan on the 26th. Squires will do likewise on March 1st.....The gross receipts of the places of amusement for the month of January were:—Maguire's Opera House, $12,685; California Theatre, ——; Alhambra, $10,618; Bella Union (from middle December), $13,430; Olympic (opened January 23d), $1,427; Metropolitan (occasional performances), $1,837; Theatre Comique (opened January 13th); $958; Wilson's Circus, $3,784; Pacific Museum, $935. The receipts of the California are withheld by the request of the management.....Amy Stone and husband arrived from China on the 22d."

A LOT OF SCENERY suitable for a traveling dramatic company is advertised for sale.

THE NEW MUSIC HALL, Worcester, Mass., situated on Exchange street, and adjoining the Bay State House, was opened on March 9th, by the Boston Theatre company. The building is 75 by 100 feet, and seats on the lower floor, parquet and orchestra, a little over 600, the first circle, 400, and the upper circle about the same number, being near the size of Selwyn's in Boston, the stage is of great capacity for all operatic or dramatic performances, and was constructed by W. Prescott, of the Boston Theatre, and is supplied with an entire new stock of scenery, together with a drop curtain representing "the departure of Cleopatra," by Samuel Culbert. The building is not alone intended for dramatic purposes, but for balls, fairs, etc., all the seats in the orchestra and parquet being moveable, and the floor raising to a level by novel and ingenious mechanicism. It has been leased by the management of the Boston Theatre for a term of years, and the company of that establishment are to play there for two or three weeks. For the 15th, 16th and 17th, the "Octoroon" was announced, to be followed by the "Three Guardsmen."

MANAGER SELWYN keeps "School" every night at his theatre in Boston. Next week "My Lady Clara" is to be produced.

THE MUSEUM, Boston, announces the production of Robertson's latest play of "My Lady of Clara" on the 221 inst. On St. Patrick's Day "The Jacks of Leave Man" will be presented, and on the 19th Annie Clarke takes a benefit

HARRY WAGNER advertises for an engagement for second low comedy.

JOSEPH PROCTOR closed at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 13th, and is followed this week by Joseph Jefferson.

Negro Minstrelsy.

MANAGER DUPREE, of Dupree and Benedict's Minstrels, wants talent. For how to address see advertisement.

TALENT is wanted for Columbus and Dayton, O., and Wheeling, Va., Variety Theatres, by manager John M. Kinney. See advertisement.

THE MORRIS BROTHERS' Minstrels were to be in Providence, R. I., on the 15th inst.

FUNERAL OF T. B. PRENDERGAST.—The last sad rites due this once popular minstrel performer occurred in Utica, N. Y., on the 10th inst. The funeral procession was one of the most imposing seen in that town for a long time. The fire department, citizen soldiery, and many others attended. The *cortege* moved in the following order:—fire police, band—all the fire department, band—citizens, the corpse, delegation from Fountain Hose, No. 4, Binghamton, in carriages, and mourners and friends. The procession proceeded to St. Patrick's Church, where solemn high mass was celebrated. The delivery of the sermon occupied one hour. The remains were interred in St. John's cemetery. Mr. P. was a member of the fire department, and upon the organization of the fire police he was chosen Captain. He participated in the battle of Aquia Creek, and received special mention for bravery from his officer. He was engaged in the Bull Run fight with the Seventy-first Regiment.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS opened at St. Louis on the 8th to a fair house, considering the stormy state of the weather. Leon gave "On the Beach at Long Branch," Saucy Sal," and "Twice Married." Master George and Willie Guy gave some of their acts in the olio in good style. The afterpiece has been the "Grand Dutch 8." The party closed on the 10th.

FRED WILSON returned to St. Louis and reopened on 8th to a good house, considering opposition and bad state of weather. In the olio, Master George's Clog, Fred's Imitation of Songs, and "Somebody's Child" were the attractions. Dan Shelby is with the party, taking Wagner's end.

DAN W. COLLINS is organizing a minstrel troupe for a tour in the oil regions, and advertises for talent in another column.

G. P. BARNARD, leader of Hooley's Minstrels, advertises that he can be engaged after the 20th inst.

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS open in Louisville, Ky., on the 22d, for three nights.

SPALDING & ROGERS'S MINSTRELS opened at the National Theatre, New Orleans, on the 10th inst. The company comprises Leon De Berger, Fred T. Shaw, and Ned Banker.

HAVERLEY'S MINSTRELS did a big three nights' business at Rochester, N. Y., opening on the 11th to a crowded house, which was duplicated on the following nights, and their entertainments are pronounced first class." M. L. Townsend, advance agent, billed the town splendidly.

THE NEW ORLEANS MINSTRELS are making a tour among the "Hawk Eyes." They gave two performances at Ottumwa, on the 8th and 9th. Miss Maud Stanley rejoined the company on the 5th inst., having been absent or several weeks on account of illness.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS are doing a right good business at their Opera House in Brooklyn. This week C. Vernon, balladist, and M. B. Leavitt, Ethiopian comedian, appear. Donnelly's burlesque of "Grant's Cabinet" is in its second week.

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, who opened at the Theatre Comique, Boston, on the 8th inst., are in their last week at that house.

Circuses.

A PARTNER is wanted in the circus and menagerie business. See Orvis Simmons' advertisement.

HARRY ODOWA and his wife, the former a first-class rider, and the latter an accomplished equestrienne, have been engaged for Ames' New Orleans Circus for the forthcoming season.

LAKE'S CIRCUS drove into Augusta, Ga., on March 5th, drove stakes, and performed to a fair business. The company made a change in their band there, engaging their old one of last season. Charlie Dunlap, late watchman of this company, was shot one day during the week ending February 27th. He lingered until the 27th, and died without speaking a word. This company appear in Washington, Ga., on the 20th inst.

A LOT OF WILD ANIMALS are advertised for sale.

A DENIAL.—In a late issue of the CLIPPER we stated on the authority of a correspondent that the tax on circus companies in Georgia had been reduced by the Legislature of that State, through the influence of R. S. Dingess. We are now in receipt of a letter from an old circus manager, from which we make the following extract:—"While it is not the design to detract from the merits of Dingess, it stands to the credit of everybody to give 'credit where credit is due.' I have just read a letter to Fred. H. Bailey, of Lake's circus last season, but now the general agent of Hemmings, Cooper and Whitby, from several members of the Legislature of Georgia, headed by Jas. A. Smith and Sam McCombs, which notifies him (Mr. Bailey) of the passage of the act, and giving him the credit of its origination. From this it would seem that his efforts were of such a character as to obtain the attention of the Legislature, and that he caused its second reading, and never left the Legislature until the committee had reported favorably on the bill. Up to this time, it is stated, Mr. Dingess had not been in or near Atlanta during the agitation of the subject. We only desire to give Mr. Bailey the credit justly due him—nothing more."

TENTS and side shows can be hired or bought of Henry Sparks, who advertises in another column.

A. CONANT advertises that he will sell the whole or any part of the circus property in his possession. See list in advertisement.

WILLIAM ARMSTONG and wife advertise that they can be engaged for the tenting season.

CIRCUS MANAGERS wishing to engage a clown and comic singer, can do so by addressing William Kennedy, as per advertisement.

HASH HAMO, gymnast, advertises for an engagement to travel with a circus company.

MADAME TOURNIAIRE, equestrienne, is with Hemming, Cooper & Whitby's Circus, now performing at Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia.

Music Halls.

HARRY WILLIAMS opened the old Drury, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 13th, with a variety troupe, composed of the Wood Sisters, Lettie Becket, Louisa Paine Wray, Ada Wray, Tim Hays, the eloggist, and others.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, presents one of the most attractive programmes ever offered by a variety establishment. "The Detective, or Boston as it Is," is the title of John F. Poole's drama to be produced this evening, with Josh Hart, W. H. Thorne and Laura Le Claire in the cast. The company at present performing there is a very large one, and embraces the following:—Josh Hart, W. H. Thorne, Laura Le Claire, Julia Melville, Julia Davenport, Lucy Clinetop, Master Tommy, Sallie Clinetop, Harry Bloodgood, Tom Baker, G. L. Stout, J. Buckley, A. J. Leavitt, Lew Cole, J. H. Carroll, Professor Dixon, Hercules Libby, Thomas W. Bollas, James Taylor, Deshesaty and Hongler, Senorita Sazrino, Sybel Willard, Mlle. Devere, Mlle. Bertha, Joe Daly, the Watson Brothers, Miss Le Roy, the Weston Sisters, a *corps de ballet*, and the "Punch and Judy" show.

LIZZIE LA FEVRE is at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va. Millie Dulan appeared on the 10th.

THE CANTERBURY, at Washington, D. C., continues to thrive. During the past week the company has been somewhat augmented, and a pleasing entertainment is nightly presented. Our correspondent, "Novice," writes:—"The evening I attended, the performance commenced with a dance by Miss Boquet, followed by Julie Keen in a Dutch song and dance; Lottie Forrest in a polka and Master Allison in a burlesque fling. Alf. Miles then gave a song and dance called 'George Washington Jones,' after which John Forbes appeared in a series of Lingard sketches. 'Captain Jinks' was the first, and the sketch entitled 'Obedian Bashful' the second, and caused great amusement. The [illegible] Bull in a Fix' was humorously played by Keen, Williams, Miles and Allison. The pantomime of the [illegible] the principal characters sustained by Mlle. [illegible] Weithoff, was well performed. Another [illegible] an olio part followed, in which Keen, Miles and John Forbes indulged in comic songs [illegible] Forrest appeared in a medley dance; Miles and Keen [illegible] and dance, and Edith Hall appeared as a banjoist. As such she did not make a favorable impression. Mons. Weithoff and Mlle. Idalie then danced a *pas de deux*. Part fifth embraced the performance of the comic trick pantomime and the ever popular Canterbury can-can.....The Metropolitan Hall offers nightly a variety of amusements, from the comical acts of the Ethiopian to dancing of a high order by Ronzati and Sumcorps d' Ethiope to dancing of a high order by Ronzati and Summerfield. The feature of the first part is the singing of DuMaille. Herr Holtum, the cannon ball performer, is the latest attraction. Mr Holtum gives a very pleasing performance; in fact, his feats are quite extraordinary, many being entirely original with him, and exceedingly good. The manner in which he plays with cannon balls of different grade is really astonishing. His neatest feat is done by balancing on his head a sixty-four pound ball, with a lighter one on each arm, and, by a sudden movement, dropping those from the arms to the floor, and catching the large one from the head on the neck. Mr. Holtum also performs the feat of raising from the floor a table and five chairs by his teeth alone. He also appears in Indian club exercises. Susie Summerfield has firmly established herself in the good graces of the patrons of the house; and has gained a reputation pleasant and profitable. The mirth provoking farce, the 'Mutton Trial,' with George L. Hall, as Judge Ketchum; Billy Hart, as Lawyer Cheatem; DuMaille, as Old Snarl; and Sammy Williams, as Sheep'face, creates a fund of merriment. The 'Arrival of O'Donohue,' with Billy Hart in an Irish character, is well acted; Mr. Hart is not only an excellent delineator of Ethiopian character, but does Irish business well. The slack wire act, by Louisa Bosbell, is one of the features of the evening's entertainment. Nelly Edwards, Julia Barton, Millie Stacy, and Mollie Russell appear in their specialties."

A PREMIER DANSEUSE *ballet* dancer and other talent is wanted for the New York Varieties Theatre, Cincinnati, O., by Manager H. W. Collins. See advertisement.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Nashville, Tenn., Manager Richards has engaged a good company at the Academy, and crowded houses are said to be in attendance each evening. M'lle Marie, vocalist, made her first appearance the past week, also Charles Sullivan, Dutch comedian, and Charles Bartine, Ethiopian comedian, with Jno. Smith, Barker, Edwards, Griffin, St. Martin, Bella Herd, Gus. Barnun, Annetta Newton, and a *ballet*. They give an attractive programme.

ANNIN GIBSONS, the clog and jig dancer, otherwise known as Mail Moore, the "walkist," who was reported to have died in Chittenango, N. Y., lately, is alive and walking, and writes us that "she never did die (nor dyal in her life."

THE COMIQUE, Chicago, is said to have done well the past week, prices having been reduced. Annie Hindle and Fannie Beane re-appeared, and Johnnie Campbell put in his first appearance. Willis Cobb and his troupe of dogs and goats; Sallie Mason, Billy Allen and Herman appear each night in favorite acts. Sallie Mason has made many friends since her appearance at this place.

IN CINCINNATI, business last week is thusly described by our correspondent:—"The Sixth street Varieties is to reopen on Monday evening, the 15th, with an entirely new company. The old one has become widely scattered, Lew Cavanna having gone off with the Duprez and Benedict party; Sullivan and Belle Miller to Nashville; Lizzie Jackson and Maggie Mayling to Indianapolis, and Mrs. Bowman to New York. The hall has been removed to the second floor, and considerably enlarged, the lower floor having been turned into a billiard hall.....The New York theatre is doing pretty well, with A. Couse as bones; G. N. Morgan as tambo, and Minnie Lee, in the language of the programme, *interlocuteur*. The rest of the company consists of Celia Gilbert, Carrie Watson, Hattie Moore, Mlle. Victoria, H. White, Professor Gravier, and Master Willie Couse is stage manager, and H. W. Collins proprietor.....Yale's Phœnix Varieties, on Walnut street, does a rousing business, and has about the largest company in town, though many of the performers are very ordinary. Marsh Adams is stage manager and middle man. Admiral Yale bones, and Tom Adams t'other end. Julia Yale, a good balladist and dancer, is the principal attraction, together with Bonnie Emerson, who joined the party last week; Ari Holston, ballet-master; Eugenia Irvin, Lenoire, and several ballet girls complete the troupe. The best feature in their programme is the 'Can-can,' consisting of a *ballet* of seven ladies. Phil Yale took a benefit on the 12th, when a number of volunteers made their appearance. Mlle. Evaleen joins the company this week.....Ned Reed and W. J. Jacobs gave a 'sacred' concert at Military Hall, 'over the Rhine,' on Sunday evening, the 7th, to a crowded house. They had a 'first part' equal to most minstrels, Reed being bones, Clannon tambo, together with Harry Alberts, W. J. Jacobs, Geo. Wallace, E. Miller, Wm. Post, Rainford, Carter and Bryant. The orchestral and vocal portion were good. In the olio Frank Lee danced, Celia Ifert sang, and Billy Reed and Charley Young appeared in a double song and dance. Reed intends to keep the thing up.....Business continued excellent at the Race street hall, which, since its refitting, is the cleanest and prettiest hall in town. A good take-off on Under the Gaslight, was produced last week, entitled 'Under the Lamplight,' with Benedict as Corkey; Reed as Vermifuge; Clannon as Peanuts, and Celia Ifert, Addie Sprague and Lizzie Whelan in the female *roles*. On Friday Ned Reed's benefit came off, and was a big thing. The quartette of the late lamented Wood's Minstrels, Wallace, Jacobs, Wood and Rainford; Geo. Thompson, Dan Connor and Harry Alberts, from Oxford Hall; Billy Reed and Charley Young, and three cloggists—Joe Fox, H. Ward, and Johnny Murray—were the volunteers. The three latter had a trial clog for a silver cup, which went to Fox.....There were no changes at the Oxford or Winter Garden.

IN ST. LOUIS, on the 8th, at the Varieties, "Field of the Cloth of Gold" was given, with Frayne as Francis; Beane, King Hal; Alice Seldler, Darnley; Emma Miles, Queen Catherine; U. P. Smith, Sir Guy, and Celia Berry, Suffolk. Incidental to the piece were the following, viz.:—Jig and skipping rope dance, by Mary Olive; Can-can quadrille; velocipede act, by Master Tom Healey; La Polenese, by Boldy and Mlle. Passani; Cora Foster's song, "On the Beach at Long Branch;" and a fistic encounter between Hal and Francis. This week the Victorelli Brothers make their appearance at this place. Sam Cole has joined the Newcombs; Johnny Campbell and Madame Lopez and family have gone to the Theatre Comique, Chicago. Madame Lopez does not appear till the 15th, on account of the death of her youngest sister. Miss Kate Morris takes the part of Lady Constance in the "Field of Cloth of Gold."

EDWIN RUPERT, whose specialty is the same as Lingard, opened in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 11th inst; also J. H. Childers, at the Theatre Comique. Leonora Creed and Frank Carleton closed on the 13th, and open this week in Pittsburgh, at the Varieties. Messrs. Rupert and Childers close there on the 20th, and go to Pittsburgh, where they open on the 22d.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., the company at present performing is pronounced a good one. Our correspondent says:—"Mlle. Augusta's four weeks' engagement has been so successful that the manager has re-engaged her. Her dancing is about the best ever seen in this city. So great was the desire to witness her by a number of ladies, that the manager secured Young Men's Hall for the 12th for that purpose. Last week the performance concluded with the farce of 'The Happy Man,' with Geo. B. Edeson in the leading character, supported by a good cast. The spectacular extravaganza of 'The Fairy Talisman' is announced for production on the 15th. Walter Wentworth, contortionist, withdrew on the 13th, to rejoin the New Orleans Minstrels.

BILLY MITCHELL, clog and song and dance performer, advertises for engagements. He is also desirous of obtaining a partner to do double acts. See his card elsewhere.

THE BARTON BROTHERS, cloggists and ringists, advertise for engagements.

AT THE ACADEMY OF FUN, Omaha, N. T., they have been doing a lively business we understand. Frank Steele, the proprietor, was tendered a benefit on the 8th inst., when a crowded house greeted him. Lizzie Lamareux, P. H. Seamon, and Harry Ainlar, are performing there, and other talent is wanted, as will be seen by advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER.

AT THE GAIETY, Memphis, Tenn., Fred Buckingham and sons continued among the attractions presented the past week. There are also in the company Bob Hart, Nellie Howard, Mlle. Henriette, Gussie Lamareux, Clara De Vere, Millie Hepburn, Larry Tooley, Jim Johnson, and Mlle. Barana. Mr. J. H. Elly, the manager, is confined to his bed with inflammation of the bowels.

THE OLYMPIC, New Orleans, has collapsed a flue and gone "up in a Balloon Boys."

Miscellaneous.

MAC EVOY'S NEW HIBERNICON is in its fourth week at Assembly Building, Philadelphia.

"HARRY MCCARTY'S EXCELSIOR COMBINATION" is the title of an organization that was to start from Chicago, Ill., on the 14th inst., for an extended tour throughout the South. The party consists of Harry McCarty, Belle Melville, Annie Blake, Prof. J. Tannenbaum and Gus Gebert. They were to open in Bloomington on the 15th, and go thence to Springfield, Cairo, Memphis, and through Georgia. D. B. Hodges is in advance.

MR. LEVY, the cornet player from London, Eng., who has lately been travelling with Parepa Rosa, starts, on the 29th inst., on a traveling tour, with Charles Levi as business manager.

THE HANLON BROTHERS appear in Norfolk, Va., on the 22d inst., and remain four days.

LOUIS HASELMAYER, magician and professor of music, can be secured for full entertainments in magic or music. For address see advertisement.

HARRY TYNDALE advertises for a position as advance agent.

A NEW MUSIC HALL IN BOSTON.—It is reported that plans are being developed which look to the erection at the South End of a very large building, which shall contain a music hall capable of holding twenty-five hundred persons, to be finished and furnished in the handsomest style, and the drawing rooms of the same to be arranged with all the modern conveniences.

PROF. FRENCH, with his trained dogs, has been secured by Major Burnell for his Museum in Pittsburgh.

CARRIE AUGUSTA MOORE is at Horticultural Hall, Boston, riding a velocipede.

CAMILLA URSO concertized at Rochester, N. Y., on the 10th.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was to lecture at Rochester, N. Y., on the 15th. Subject—"Daniel O'Connell."

PROF. ROBERTS desires to associate with some first class concert troupe for the production of his tableau which were displayed at Tammany for eight weeks and elicited eulogistic notices from the press, and approving criticisms by the general public.

AN INFANTILE MUSICAL PRODIGY, in the person of Miss Susie Medbery, the little fairy musician, only four years of age, is about to be made the star of a concert troupe now in process of organization, as will be seen by a card in our advertising columns. The little lady, we are credibly informed, can play over two hundred pieces correctly on the piano, organ or melodeon. "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

WILLIS COBB, clown and velocipedeian, with his troupe of performing dogs and cashmere goat, can be engaged for the tenting season. See advertisement.

BOYD, the athlete, advertises that he can be engaged for his act on the three flying trapeze. He is now performing at the American Theatre, Pittsburgh.

"JIG AND CLOG DANCING WITHOUT A MASTER" may be procured of J. K. Buckley, the aspirant to the banjoic championship, as per his advertisement in another column.

BLIND TOM will give a series of performances at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., opening on March 16th.

ANNA DICKINSON will deliver her lecture, "A Struggle for Life," at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday evening, April 7th. She has been advertising it pretty extensively.

GEO. A. FLORANCE advertises in this week's CLIPPER for a position as leader of an orchestra or as a brass or violin soloist.

THE ZANFRETTA TROUPE, under the direction of Fred Lubin, closed in Trenton, N. J., on the 10th.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAU of "Paradise Lost" opened in Galveston, Texas, on March 9th, for five nights.

PROFESSOR RIBLEY'S JAPS, who are giving entertainments in the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, will probably close there on the 20th.

HALL'S BOSTON CONCERT COMPANY met with a funny adventure at Oswego, N. Y., a few evenings since. Having waited until after the time for the concert to commence had arrived, and then learning by a telegram that, by a railway detention, their trunks containing their wardrobe had been left at Syracuse, the ladies of the troupe, Camilla Urso and Miss Graziella Ridgway, were obliged to appear in their traveling dresses, *sans* crinoline or trails. The audience were informed of the condition of affairs by Mr. D. C. Hall, and enjoyed the discomfiture of the artists hugely. One young lady audibly remarked that, in her opinion, it was "an understood thing," and she didn't believe they "had any better clothes;" while a male member of the audience observed to Dexter Smith, the manager, that if the party "didn't rag out very well," they "give a good healthy show!"

FANNY REINHARD, Minnie McIntyre, Harry Thompson, Lew Cole, and John H. Myers, are travelling through Iowa.

THE UNION HARMONIC SOCIETY, of Morrisania, elected officers for the current year on the 8th inst., Prof. Geo. Bristow having been unanimously chosen as President, and Messrs. Black, Burney and Ernst Hall as Vice Presidents, Secretary and Treasurer of the late G. V. Brooke has been placed in the Melbourne Public Library.

MADGE DUNN, daughter of "That Rascal Jack," took a benefit on Dec. 18th at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia. It was announced as her farewell of the stage. The occasion of Miss Dunn's retirement from the stage is that of ill health, and her medical advisers hope that a few months' relaxation from the fatigues and struggles of theatrical life may restore her to her wonted health. The piece selected by this young lady for her farewell was "The Child of the Regiment," Miss Dunn being the Josephine. The burlesque of "Ring Arthur" terminated the performance.

BARRY O'NEIL, the Irish comic, from America, is performing with success at the Varieties, Melbourne, Australia.

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Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—The pantomime season was at last advices fast drawing to a close, Covent Garden being the only west end house that continued that form of entertainment. The Lenten season has operated much against the managers, as many persons who have conscientious scruples against the theatre at such a time keep away from the play house. Consequently, the receipts have not been so large as the preceding month. "Robinson Crusoe" was announced to be withdrawn from the boards of Covent Garden on March 6th.....At Drury Lane, tragedy has succeeded to harlequinade, and the regular season of legitimacy set in with the production of "Othello," with Mr. Phelps as Macbeth, James Johnstone as Duncan, Mr. Ryder as Macduff, Sinclair as Banquo, and Mrs. Howard Paul as Lady Macbeth and Hecate. In an elaborate notice of the piece the Sunday *Times* says:—"Mrs. Paul is not a tragic actress. Her conception of the *role* is less original than it is an amplification of views previously shadowed forth. The view she has taken is a false one. Although her performance had much tenderness, it was deficient in power. She was more successful as Hecate.....The first official announcement with regard to the coming opera season has appeared. There is an associated body called "The Directors of the Royal Italian Opera and of Her Majesty's Theatre." Covent Garden Theatre opens on March 30th, and among the ladies engaged are Mesdames Titiens, Nilsson, Lucca and Patti. The lion of Covent Garden has lain down with the lamb of the Haymarket; the era of division and strife has passed and that of peace has come. During the present season Tamberlik will play the only one opera, because both houses are in the same hands. Mr. Mapleson's lease of Her Majesty's has but another year to run.....A new drama, by F. Marchant, entitled "Forsaken—A Story of Every Day Life," is to be the Easter novelty at the Victoria. In it will be introduced a new sensation which is thought will become as popular as those which have lately been placed before the public....."Life for Life" is the title of Dr. Westland Marston's new play, which was to be produced on March 6th at the Lyceum. The principal part will be sustained by Miss Neilson, Miss Minnie Sidney, Herman Vezin, Mr. Coghlan and George Jordan.....Mr. Sothern continues the attraction at the Haymarket in the comedy of "Home." The burlesque of "The Frightful Hair" has been withdrawn, and Mr. Buckstone was announced to appear on March 1st in "Rural Felicity."

.....George Jordan has been performing the prominent character in "The Wife's Secret" at the Lyceum.....The historical drama of "Marie Antoinette" remains on the bills at the Princess', with Miss Lydia Howard, the child actress, as the Beatrice and Mr Vining in the cast.....The new Queen's and the Holborn respectively retain Watts Phillips' new dramas of "Not Guilty" and "Fettered" for their principal attraction. In the latter piece the scene of the rat pit has been modified, in deference to some objections to the strong "realism" by which it was pervaded, and the general action of the piece has been in several respects improved..... Watts Phillips' "Dead Heart," at the Adelphi, and his "Paper Wings," at the Olympic, are running successfully.....At the Surrey no change has occurred, the season of Sadler's Wells is over; that at the St. James concluded on Feb. 27th .....John S. Clarke, the American comedian, continues at the Strand, where his comedy of "The Widow Hunt" has been a great success.....Mrs. Swanborough, the lessee of the Strand, announced her annual benefit for March 4th, when her daughter, Miss Ada Swanborough, was to make her reappearance (for the first time since her serious indisposition) as Lucy Morton in Planché's "Court Fool."—Mr. Clarke was to perform Cousin Joe in the "Rough Diamond," with Miss Eleanor Bufton as Margery and Arthur Swanborough as Captain Blenheim. An address, written especially for this occasion by Wm. Brough, was to be delivered by the author; to conclude with, for the 279th time, the historical burlesque, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold."..... No change has occurred at the Britannia....."First Love" follows the pantomime at the Grecian.....At the Alexandra, "Jolly Joe" has been revived, with all the original and scenic effects.....At the Effingham, "Black Hearts" and "Provocation" have been produced.....The Globe has prolonged the run of Byron's comedy of "Cyril's Success" and the burlesque of "Brown and Brahmins".....The Prince of Wales' continues to be crowded by the attraction of Robertson's comedy of 'School".....The annual meeting of the members of the Theatrical Fund was held in the saloon of the Lyceum Theatre, on Feb. 24th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.....Joe Brown, the American jiggist, is at the Canterbury.....George Leybourne, the "lion comic singer," is to be carded, took his annual benefit on Feb. 24th, at the St. James Great Hall.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—The gross receipts of the Paris theatres for the month of January were as follows:—The Grand Opera, 147,000 francs; Gymnase, 140 000; Comedie Francaise, 139,000; Opera Comique, 130,000; Chatelet, 124,000; Porte St. Martin, 122,000; Palais Royal, 116,000; Varietes, 101,000; Gaiete, 94,000; Vaudeville, 68,000; Lyrique, 64,000; Theatre Cluny, 51,600.....M. Gounod, who has passed the winter at Rome working at his "Francesca di Rimini," has returned to Paris to superintend the rehearsals of the new "Faust," which, in its latest development, becomes a French "grand opera," or opera supplemented by a *ballet*.

ERNEE CLARKE, who was brought to America by Palmer and Jarrett as a comic vocalist, but who failed to impress the Yankee nation favorably with his song of "Tommy Dodd," has reappeared at the Star Music Hall, Liverpool, where he is no doubt better appreciated than he was here.

MR. AND MRS. LEONARD WHITE, announced as American comedians, are travelling through the provinces, playing at the different music halls in Cork.

JOE LUND, another so-called American comedian, is performing at the different music halls in and out of London.

MISS MARRIOTT played a farewell engagement in Liverpool, Eng., at the Amphitheatre, opening Feb. 22d in Hamlet.

EDWARDS' Panorama of America was on exhibition in Leicester, Eng., the week ending Feb. 27th.

KATE BATEMAN was in Bristol, Eng., the week ending Feb. 20th.

MORTIMER MURDOCH, who was lately in this country, produced "Under the Gaslight" at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, on Feb. 13th. On the 19th "The Gold Seeker of Mexico" was given for his benefit.

The "TEMPEST" has been revived in Birmingham at the Theatre Royal.

"THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER" is a new opera composed by H. F. Heuniter, and announced to be performed for the first time on March 6th at Manchester. Hersee was engaged to impersonate the chief character, and the cast also includes the names of Susan Pyne, Emily Spiller, Theodore Distin, &c.

"MY LADY CLARA" is the title of a new piece by Mr. Robertson, produced for the first time on Feb. 22d at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, England. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bandmann (the latter formerly Milly Palmer), appeared in the principal *roles*. The *Era* says:—"'My Lady Clara' is not a comedy; the author calls it a drama; it is, perhaps, a cross between high comedy and melodrama. It is clever, and in some parts brilliantly written. The plot is ingenious, and complicated enough to keep the audience in suspense until the closing scene; and throughout the piece Mr. Robertson has evinced that thorough appreciation of dramatic effect which has characterized most of his productions."

AMY STONE was to leave Yokohama, Japan, on Jan. 20th, for the Atlantic States, accompanied by her husband.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES STARK sailed from Otago, New Zealand, on Dec. 5th, for the States.

A SUIT of the late G. V. Brooke has been placed in the Melbourne Public Library.

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Fifth time of
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Other plays are in the course of elaborate preparation and will be produced during the season.

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thus enabling the management at all times to meet their engagements, and cause no disappointments or postponements.

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